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LIBRARIANS (continued)

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CITY OF SALFORD
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of ACCLIMATION LIBRARIAN (Grade A.P. 4). Conditions and application forms from the City Librarian, Council Library, Peel Park, Salford 5. Lanes. Closing date 21 AUGUST, 1967.

BOROUGH OF SHREWSBURY
APPOINTMENT OF MOBILE LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above appointment from qualified Librarians (preferably Chartered) who will be expected to demonstrate a new Mobile Library Service commencing early in 1968. The successful applicant will be required to take up his duties before the commencement of the service in order to assist in its detailed planning.

The salary will be within the Grade APT(II) (£1,020 to £1,485) and the circumstances under which appointment upon qualifications and experience. The National Joint Council Scales of Service will apply and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination.

Further details about the post can be obtained from the Borough Librarian, Public Library, Castle Gates, Shrewsbury.

Applications stating age, qualifications and present and previous appointments (and salaries) with the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made should reach the undersigned not later than the 11th August, 1967.

N. R. CAVE, Town Clerk. Guildhall, Shrewsbury.

SOMERSET COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
TECHNICAL LIBRARY SERVICES

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the APPOINTMENT of ASSISTANT TECHNICAL LIBRARIAN in County Library Headquarters, Bridgwater. The person appointed will have special responsibility for the library at the Somerset Farm Institute, and an interest in agriculture and biological literature would be an advantage.

Salary scale A.P. II/III £1,020 to £1,485. Starting point according to qualifications and experience. Housing assistance and payment of removal expenses in approved cases.

Application forms and further details from The County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Mount Street, Bridgwater, Somerset.

BOROUGH OF STALYBRIDGE
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APPLICATIONS from persons having had Public Library experience, invited for the post, £695 to £865, the starting point to be fixed according to library experience.

Applications, giving qualifications, experience and the names of two referees, should reach the Town Clerk, The Municipal Offices, Stalybridge, not later than first post on Thursday, 10th August, 1967.

THE UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX
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APPLICATIONS are invited from graduates with appropriate experience for a POST as ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN to develop a library service, including both printed and audio-visual materials in the school of education.

Salary within the range £1,165 to £2,270 per annum according to qualifications and experience, plus F.S.S.U. benefits.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Academic Registrar (Appointments), The University of Sussex, Essex House, Falmer, Brighton, quoting reference 203/2. Completed forms should be returned by 4th September, 1967.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE
GUILDFORD COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
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A shorthand typist, elected by the Library Association Registration Examination.

Further details and application form obtainable from the Principal.

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BROCKHAUS HARD AND SOFT

Brockhaus Enzyklopädie, in zwanzig Bänden. Band I: A-ATL. 832pp. Band II: ATF-BLIS. 824pp. Wiesbaden: Brockhaus. DM.79 each.

dtv-Lexikon. Ein Konversationslexikon in 20 Bänden. Band 1-5. 319, 319, 280, 230, 320pp. Munich: Deutscher Taschenbuch-Verlag. DM.4.80 each.

It would be preposterous to recommend to readers of this journal two German publications as substitutes for the *Britannica*, *Chambers's* or *Dent's* encyclopedias. But both the new *Brockhaus Enzyklopädie* and its collateral offspring, the *dtv-Lexikon*, deserve to be introduced to the attention of the English-speaking public who have any knowledge of the German language. The *Brockhaus* should take its place on the shelves of those libraries that can afford the pretty stiff price of nearly £8 for each of its eventual twenty volumes; whereas the *dtv-Lexikon* at something like 9s. 6d. per volume or about £9 for the whole set can be considered a bargain and a welcome addition to the library of students of German language, literature and public affairs.

Reference to public affairs has been made on purpose, for these two publications are, implicity and explicitly, indicative of the trend towards the "Europeanization" of German science and learning as well as business. The very title of the *Brockhaus Enzyklopädie* is characteristic of the renunciation of German provincialism. A German scholar, it is true, was the first to use, in 1620, the Greek (or rather pseudo-Greek) term for an "all-round education" as the title of a "book giving information on all branches of knowledge"—the excellent Oxford Dictionary definition of the word "encyclopaedia". However, the term did not really catch on before the second half of the eighteenth century, when the French *Encyclopédie* and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of Scottish extraction invested it with the cachet of highest quality. Up to that time, and long afterwards, the French term *dictionnaire* and its English, Italian, &c., equivalents held the field, chiefly in France, Italy and England, whereas "Lexicon" gained almost general acceptance in Germany, Sweden, Switzerland and the Netherlands—with the curious "Cyclopaedia", coined by Ephraim Chambers in 1728, becoming for some decades in the nineteenth century the hall mark of American works of this type.

For more than 100 years the publishing house of Brockhaus kept the clumsy title "Konversationslexikon", taken over from a moribund and unfinished undertaking which the founder of the firm had bought up in 1809. As late as 1921 it was changed to simply "Brockhaus", with, subsequently, various explanatory additions, such as *Gross, Klein, Neu*. Whether the change was due to the German aversion to "foreign words" (*Fremdwörter*), or whether the firm believed that its name had become coincident with the notion of "Lexikon", may be left undecided, probably both arguments acted together.

In view of this long history it is therefore remarkable that the publishers have decided to adopt the common European term "encyclopedia" a more than discreet hint at the effect of the Common Market upon German mentality. As a piquant aside it may be mentioned that the Russian (and later, Soviet) edition, originally a licensed version of Brockhaus, always appeared under the western (now "capitalist") title of encyclopedia.

The *dtv-Lexikon* shows its European alignment in giving almost fifty pages of the Tin-Ez volume to "Europa" and European items; these include synchronistic tables on European art, literature and music. The latter are, of course, supplemented by special entries on, for instance, English literature, which goes right up to C. P. Snow, Muriel Spark, Harold Pinter and Peter Ustinov. The German usage of England when referring to Britain is mildly castigated by the first entry under England: "incorrect but much-used designation of Great Britain and Northern Ireland".

Most of these entries have been taken over or modified from the corresponding Brockhaus items. For the "German Pocket-book Publishers"—that is the meaning of the mysterious *dtv*—are working in close cooperation with the house of F. A. Brockhaus, whose editorial staff supply the material. However, the *dtv* staff do not feel bound invariably to follow their model. This independence has its good as well as less happy results; now and again the *dtv* is more up to date than the latest Brockhaus edition, occasionally it perpetuates some of the latter's rare mistakes—such as the failure to distinguish the different pronunciation of the state and the river Arkansas. It is however fair to say that the treatment of British and American subjects is ample and unbiased.

This ad hoc combination of the leading German encyclopedia producer and the leading German paperback publisher—in many respects the opposite number of our Penguin books—should be of interest to publishers and editors in this country. As mentioned above, the buyers of the *dtv-Lexikon* get their money's worth. The "paperback", in fact a cover of flexible synthetic fibre, promises to wear well, and the paper quality ensures a fairly satisfactory reproduction of the illustrations and colour-plates. The publication of a volume a month is a credit to editors, publishers and printers.

On the other hand it would hardly be a wrong inference if one assumes that the original publishers consider this "paperback Brockhaus", as it were, a worthwhile attempt to reach a public which the stately volumes of the original Brockhaus have so far failed to attract. The calculation, or at least the hope, that buyers of a pocket-book edition may in due course "graduate" to purchasing the hard-cover edition would be entirely in keeping with the experience of English and American publishers. The casual acquisition of a paperback at, say, a railway bookstall has often been the first step in making a bashful youngster venture into a proper bookshop.

The "soft" *Lexikon* is, of course, a poor relation of the "hard". The leather bound *Enzyklopädie* is. A comparison of the two would be unfair, but a look at one or two volumes of the former *Grosser Brockhaus* and the present *Brockhaus Enzyklopädie* is instructive. Thus, for instance, the entry "Alicante" is now divided into the city and province of the name and increased from eleven to thirty-one lines; "Alicante Springs", formerly five lines, has not only been doubled but has been given an illustration of 3 inches; the foreign name Margarita Aliger and the Italian playwright Giangiorgio Alicata, the Swedish town Alingsås, and the Anglo-American lyric poet Alimony are additions on the same page. Elsewhere, Herbert Agar has been joined by Anthony Asquith, ten of whose films are listed and dated; Awam has grown from half a column to over a page including four bibliographical titles (all English); the article on Assassins has been carefully revised and augmented by an up-to-date cross-reference to the Aga Khan, probably based on two English biographies now appearing in the bibliography. One could go on pointing to other scholarly and useful improvements, but as these are to be expected, more or less justifiably, in any revised edition of any good work of reference, it may be more profitable to look at some of the drawbacks of the technical production. The Brockhaus has branched out into some interesting novel features which should attract the attention of all progressive publishers as well as master-printers.

Technical efficiency also runs to the speed of production. The second volume has appeared three months after the first, and it is said that Brockhaus will be bringing out at least two or three volumes per annum.

The text is printed in a variety of roman and italic sizes and weights (bold, half-fat, caps, small caps, 8-point, *Sperrdruck* (spaced letters), the usual German equivalent of italics), parentheses and brackets. Subtle devices are employed to save space, without disconcerting the reader for a moment: an asterisk for "born", a cross for "died", different arrows for "q.v." and "see also", each using up only one letter's width. A new feature is the intelligent use of the margins for either explaining illustrations beyond the type area proper, or for adding smaller illustrations such as coats-of-arms, flags, gems and minerals. The result is a considerable extension of the available space by a full inch on the left-hand and right-hand sides of an opening, while keeping the size of the book within the traditional Brockhaus format. Students of our schools of printing will be pleased by a close scrutiny of the page typography, which the majority of the readers may hardly notice, but which gives additional pleasure to the lover of good printing.

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LIBRARIANS (continued)

TAVISTOCK INSTITUTE OF HUMAN RELATIONS AND TAVISTOCK CLINIC JOINT LIBRARY
JUNIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

APPLICATIONS are invited from girls aged between 17 and 22 years for the above POST. The starting salary will be between £620 and £700 p.a. (on a scale rising to £1,100 p.a.); 37½ hour working scheme; canteen on premises; 4 weeks' annual leave. Applicants should have a minimum of 4 G.C.E. "O" levels and be able to type. Applications in writing to the Librarian, Tavistock Joint Library, Tavistock Centre, Belsize Lane, London, N.W.3.

WESTFIELD COLLEGE
(University of London)

APPLICATIONS are invited for TWO POSTS as ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS at a salary on the scale £1,050 by £50 to £1,250 (men), by £50 to £1,350 (men) by £75 to £1,650 per annum, plus £60 London Allowance. F.S.S.U. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. One post to be in the Acquisitions-Cataloguing Department and the other in Readers' Services, requiring a special interest in European art and ability to organize a slide collection. Candidates should have good academic qualifications and, if experience or training will be an additional recommendation. Five copies of letter of application, giving date of birth, qualifications and experience and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made should reach the Deputy Secretary, Westfield College, Hampstead, London, N.W.3, by 15th August, 1967.

A CHARTERED LIBRARIAN is required in the Cataloguing Department of a large newspaper library. Duties include indexing and shelving current files, special responsibility for the archive material. Five-day week. Salary £1,300 per annum. Applications stating qualifications and experience to Mr. J. Hall, Library Supervisor, Viney Vanews Ltd., 16 School Road, London, N.W.10, as soon as possible.

LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Clarence Street, Lee Circle, Leicester
Telephone 22611 (STD 0533)
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Chartered librarians are invited to apply for the post of librarian-in-charge of the Thurmaston Section. Since the establishment of Group of Libraries which offers the opportunity of sharing in the development of this expanding County Library Service.

Details and application forms (returnable by 17th August) from G. E. Smith F.L.A., County Library, Clarence Street, Leicester.

WORTHING PUBLIC LIBRARIES
CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST from library qualified persons, preferably fellows of the Library Association. Good experience of running lending library section, including readers' advisory service and staff training, essential. Salary within the range A.P. II/IV, according to qualifications and experience.

Worthing is now the second largest town in Sussex with a population of about 84,000 and is attracting more than 1,000 additional residents every year.

Further details on request from the Chief Librarian, Public Library, Worthing, to whom applications must be received by 12th August 1967.

THOMAS FOORD, Town Clerk.

THE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Chartered Librarians who are considering applying for posts graded in the Librarians' scale (£820 to £1,455), where the advertising salary is not stated, should in less advertisements are advised to read the notice in the current issue of Assistant.

BOROUGH OF WORTHING
SENIOR ASSISTANT—CENTRAL LENDING LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above appointment in the Central Library on A.P.II/III scale, the commencing salary to be determined according to qualifications and experience.

The appointment will be subject to the National Scheme of Conditions of Service of Local Government Officers and to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Acts.

Worthing is now the second largest town in Sussex with a population of over 84,000 and is attracting more than 1,000 additional residents every year.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience and giving the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, must be received by the Chief Librarian, Central Public Library, Worthing, by not later than the 16th August, 1967.

THOMAS FOORD, Town Clerk.

SPECIALIST LIBRARY (London, W.11 vicinity) for a married woman—wife felt particularly to be H.1800, the Times, Box 0.

BYZANTIUM BY ALPHABET

Reallexikon zur Byzantinischen Kunst. Herausgegeben von Klaus Wessel, unter Mitwirkung von Marcell Restle. Liefering 81 Abendmahl — Dura-Europos. 1,121-1,254pp. Stuttgart: Anton Hiersemann. 270D.M. (1st volume bound) 30D.M. (per fascicle).

Part 8 of the text of the Encyclopedia was issued on December 1, 1966. This completes the first of its four volumes and gets us to the entry on Dura-Europos. But part 8 also contains the text of an introduction to the series signed by Klaus Wessel and Marcell Restle, which is intended to be bound up at the beginning of the first volume, as well as a list of authors responsible for articles in the first eight parts, a list of titles of the entries, an index of place names, and an iconographical index, so that this first volume is complete in itself, so far as it goes. A volume of plates should follow shortly.

When the Encyclopedia was announced in September, 1963, it was stated that four parts would appear each year. The last of the eight parts that make up Volume I is thus some twelve months behind schedule. This is probably no surprise, and the delay is compensated for both by the quality and authority of the articles that have so far appeared and by the various indexes included in part 8. But it is hard to see how the work can be completed in a further three volumes if the articles are to continue at their present length. An additional volume would be preferable to any curtailment of standards.

When the Encyclopedia was reviewed in these columns after the appearance of the initial part (*TLS*, October 22, 1964), however, the point was made that the value of such publications lies mainly in the shorter articles and depends on the ease and speed with which obscure facts can be verified rather than on lengthy contributions of an analytical character, where the views expressed may well change as a result of further discoveries. This criticism still seems valid in respect of some of the longer contributions; thus no fewer than fifty-three columns are devoted to "Basilica", thirty-one to Cancelli and eighteen to Dalmatia. There are some admirable shorter notes on such items as Bosra, Curtea de Arges or Decani, but other items which could have been treated briefly are extended; one could suggest, for instance, Byzantium (for a brief note on the early history of the steel, Cappadocia (where would one find so readily for information about the famous rock-cut churches and their paintings?), or Desiderius (for a very short entry). But it is always easier to criticize an undertaking of this type than to execute it, and the particularly high standard of the entries is not to be questioned. It is to be hoped that the work will go ahead without further delay.

Mr. D. W. Doughty, who is librarian of the St. Andrews University Library, has done much to bibliographers in producing a complete catalogue of books published by the Tullis Press of Glasgow, which flourished from 1803 to 1809. More than 100 books issued from the Tullis Press are carefully described under the year of publication in the catalogue (80pp.) published by the Abertay Historical Society, Dundee, price 10s.

THE TIMES
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 3,415 66th Year POSTAGE: INLAND 5d; ABROAD 3½d THURSDAY AUGUST 10 1967 SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. PRICE 9D. SUBSCRIPTION RATE, $10 A YEAR; ALL ISSUES, LONDON, INC. 201-1 ACE 42 ST. STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. PRICE 9D

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Manet's "Breakfast in the Studio", from *Münchner* (Munich: Süddeutscher Verlag, DM.60, 168pp.), in which are reproduced works of art from ten of the city's museums.

THE WHITE TERROR

DR. D. P. RESNICK has, in *The White Terror and the Political Reaction after Waterloo*, an excellent subject, exciting and almost untouched, for the last general work on the Second White Terror in the south of France was written nearly ninety years ago. He had also, to guide him, a considerable volume of recent work, in French and in English—Dr. Tilly's intelligent study of the Vendée came out in the same series as the present book—on popular loyalism, counter-revolutionary violence and the mentality of the White terrorist. Yet, despite the advantage of being the first in the field—or so he claims—and with plenty of examples of how to handle a subject related to the history of popular mentalities, the author has made a poor job of his assignment; his book reveals a startling lack of historical perspective, and its coverage both in space and in time is altogether insufficient.

* * *

A flurried look at four Departments (the Var, the Bouches-du-Rhône, the Haute-Garonne and the Gard) is unlikely to reveal either the complexity or the extent of a series of movements that included as many more Departments in the south and south-centre, and that spread up the valley of the Rhône. In his journey from Toulouse to Nîmes, the author leapfrogs over the Tarn and the Hérault (both Departments, however, in which the number of political arrests for the period July, 1815-June, 1816, was, according to the author's own calculations, exceptionally high: 105 for the Tarn, 135 for the Hérault) and, save for a brief and unoriginal account of the lynching of Brune in Avignon, he has failed to extend his inquiry even to the Vaucluse, one of the most fanatical centres of both White Terrors, and, with the Gard, perhaps the principal recruiting ground for White terrorism all over the south-east.

Furthermore, as one of the most consistent features of these movements—as of the Terror of the Year Two—was the "invasion" of one Department, or of one District or *arrondissement*, by the White terrorists (or, in 1793, by the *apôtres civiques*), *verdets*, national guards and others, of its neighbour, any attempt to study the White Terror in a purely Departmental context is likely to result in greatly underestimating its true extent and incidence, as well as in a failure to appreciate its ability to hit, suddenly and unexpectedly, in localities widely scattered, with the murder gangs, their crimes committed, disappearing almost without a trace over a welcoming border. The murderers were not the only ones to take advantage of Departmental regionalism: after the first wave of violence, large numbers of Protestants—several thousand in the Gard—fled their Department of origin, sometimes taking their dead with them, or burying them first in their fields or by the roadside, as though having one person murdered among one's relatives was something to be concealed, since it might invite a repeat performance (as indeed it often did); most of these took refuge in the Protestant valleys of the neighbouring Department of the Lozère, but some went as far as the Ardèche and Lyons, while a few wealthy patricians made their way to Paris.

* * *

Equally, any study of White terrorism that does not take into account such ultra-royalist centres as Lyons and Arles must necessarily be so incomplete as to be, in national, and even regional, terms, meaningless. There seems to be no rhyme or reason about Dr. Resnick's choice of Departments, nor about his omission of others. The Var, the Bouches-du-Rhône and the Gard are adjoining; yet while he establishes connexions between murders in Marseilles and Aubagne and massacres in Toulon (as in 1795, the Marseillais assassins moved into the former Jacobin strongholds of the Var, marking their passage with the scattered corpses of countrymen in the villages along their route), he does not suggest that there may have been any between the White Terror in the Bouches-du-Rhône and the Gard. Yet, judging from what happened in 1795-96, there quite certainly would have been; in the prison massacres of the Year Three in Marseilles there are frequent references to the presence of Nîmois among the killers of the "Compagnie du Soleil"; the Nîmois also "invaded" the Vaucluse, in the course of their operations in the same year, while, in 1815, the *verdets* from Beaucaire appear to have been reinforced from Tarascon. Ultra-royalism had its traditional strongholds in the south-east, drawing on them when it was a matter of sending the *sabreurs*, the *égorgeurs* and the strong-arm men against localities where it was weak.

* * *

After this hurried excursion south, the author settles down in Paris. The rest of the book is concerned with a somewhat different topic: the efforts of the Ultras to organize, all over France, a judicial terror to be directed against the widest possible categories of people, and those of the Government, on the contrary, to limit this repression to a minimum of persons mentioned by name. Dr. Resnick gives a clear account of the organization of the *cours prévôtales*, offering interesting details about the number of their victims. His figures for the incidence of the purely political judicial repression, though derived from Government sources, are likely to be accurate. Their main interest is to bring out very sharply the unequal weight of repression from one area to another (the Map of Terror had shown similar variations in 1793-94, and again in 1795-96). The areas of particularly severe judicial repression emerge, rather dramatically, as two principal regional blocks: first, the four Departments of the Aude, the Tarn, the Hérault and the Gard (but not, surprisingly, the Haute-Garonne, an old centre of neo-jacobinism, based on Destrem and his circle of friends); secondly, the group of Departments centred on the Isère: the Ain, the Jura (which, under the Empire, had been the principal recruiting ground for Malet's supporters), the Doubs and the Drôme, where the severity of repression can be attributed, as in the Isère itself, to the ramifications of

DANIEL PHILIP RESNICK: *The White Terror and the Political Reaction after Waterloo*. 152pp. Harvard Historical Studies. Volume LXXVII. Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press. 34s.

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Chenier was to claim, with some exaggeration, that the ultra-royalist terror in Grenoble at this time was far more ferocious than that of the Year Two; he had, however, experienced the second and could hardly recall the first). Finally there were a few isolated pockets of heavy repression: the two adjoining Departments of the Eure and the Seine-Inférieure, the Charente-Inférieure and the Ille-et-Vilaine.

So the author's figures provide some useful pointers; but as they are not then related to actual names (he has at no stage examined the personal dossiers either of the leading White terrorists or of their more illustrious victims, though, for Ramel and Lagarde notably, these exist in the Archives Administratives de la Guerre in Vincennes) it is difficult to appreciate what exactly they may represent in historical terms. It is certain, for instance, that many of those arrested at the height of the White Terror figured on police lists that had been drawn up during the previous proscriptions of 1795, 1796, 1799-1800, 1810, 1812-13, some of them had been *abonnés* of Babeuf or of Bazin, or both, others correspondents of Malet and Destrem. It is in the nature of the police to hit at the same people over and over again, and, at all periods, the French police in particular has tended to think first of all of its old customers. The police authorities were not likely to lose sight of them, as many of the lists printed in 1795 and 1796 of *les hommes à surveiller* were handed down from one generation of police to the next, to form the basis of each new "purge". In the meantime, entirely new categories had been added, so that the lists supplied to Decazes contain a very mixed bag including aging terrorists—mostly well beyond the age of political militancy, one would have thought — former *babouvistes*, republicans of the Malet vintage, leading officials of the Empire, English Protestant observers, Italian and Polish refugees, together with entirely new categories of popular suspects: boilermen, printers and compositors, foundrymen, students, that suggest the shape of things to come. One needs then to find out who these people were (Dr. Resnick refers to some who were arrested in the Haute-Garonne as "having committed excesses during the Revolution") and what had happened to them between 1790 and 1815. The author does not tell us.

* * *

He claims, in his introduction, that French nineteenth-century historians, with their own axes to grind, have tended to inflate the gravity of the White Terror in the south, if only as a means of condoning the Terror of 1793-94.

Of course no one would suggest that the two Terrors were in any way comparable in point of numbers; even so, Dr. Resnick, far too prone to rely exclusively on official sources, certainly underestimates the number of people murdered, even in the Gard; he has no figures at all for the Vaucluse, and for the Bouches-du-Rhône he provides an estimate only for Marseilles, but, as in 1795-97, there were murders in such places as Lambesc, Aubagne, Auriol. It takes an historian of the experience and flair of Professor Rudé to give an effective count of the dead; and, at a time when authorities at all levels had an obvious interest in concealing deaths—especially from the Allies, some of whom were displaying a tiresome concern for their Protestant brethren in the south—even to the extent of failing to register deaths in the *état-civil*, of frightening relatives into non-compliance with the law, and of forbidding funerals by daylight, Government statistics cannot be taken as presenting anything like a complete count of the victims of ultra-royalist savagery.

At times Dr. Resnick appears to imply that the Protestants of the south—and their friends in Scotland, Wales and England—were blowing up a series of minor incidents into a nineteenth-century Saint-Bartholomew's Day, in the interest of the Protestant cause. Why they should do so it is hard to see; the Protestants of the Gard were presumably not out to get themselves assassinated in order to embarrass the Duke of Wellington (one has yet to discover an instance of a racial or religious minority deliberately having itself massacred as a means of promoting sympathy abroad). On the contrary, the Protestant community in general (" that disgusting Department ", as a harassed Restoration Prefect called it), from old experience had acted at all times—though perhaps not in 1790 —with great caution and restraint, with an eye not to giving any pretext to vengeance. In this area, their principal concern would be to keep out of notice. Many more people were murdered than Dr. Resnick suggests; but the survivors were often embarrassed by the compromising solicitude of English observers, sent to see what had happened, and by the campaign on their behalf undertaken by the *Morning Chronicle*.

Having not gone into the history of the previous Terrors, the author often fails to understand the nature of that of 1815 which, at least in its anarchical form, was inspired to a great extent by thoughts of vengeance; and vengeance must always refer backwards. He shows no sign of having read anything outside his immediate area of study; and he is, historically, both ignorant and innocent, with no notion of the assumptions and methods of the French police—and these survive when regimes do not—or of the ways of French judges and magistrates. There is a reference to "the liberal writer of Protestant family, Benjamin Constant"; and we learn that Fouché "had a political past that extended to the early days of the Revolution" —a masterpiece of discretion that would have appealed to the organizer of the Lyons massacres of 1793. And he displays his candour when stating that the Minister of War, the duc de Feltre, "wished to make it clear that he did not consider the provost courts at all similar to the Revolutionary tribunals". He has made it clear to Dr. Resnick! But the major weakness of the book is a total lack of historical background; the White Terror of 1815 cannot be studied in isolation.

* * *

Even in this slim book, however, there are a number of clues that would be well worth following up. For how familiar it all is! The geography of violence, killing and anarchy, the dangerous but inevitable partnership of dearth and Terror (the author manages to get right through 1816 without a single reference to the acute food crisis of that year—a dearth that produced the usual forms of popular disorder and that added a new, anti-popular, element to the judicial and military repression), the murderous literalness of words and the foolhardiness of those who uttered them (*Vive l'Empereur, Merde pour le Roi, Qui va là? Républicain*), the continuity of Terror, surviving lastly on a repetitive diet of vengeance, by decade and by generation, the traditional calendar of murder and massacre, the week-end killing, the Saint's Day bloodbath (Ramel was murdered, suitably enough, on August 15, Lagarde was shot on a Sunday, after vespers).

Indeed, as Dr. Gwynne Lewis has shown in his articles in French and English on events in the Gard, some of the murderers of 1815 were those of 1791 and, possibly, of 1795 too; and, in those long-remembering communities, with their spreading family relationships, one murder could be expected to raise up as many as fifteen avengers. According to a *commissaire du Directoire*, in the Year Four, about a quarter of the population of the Bouches-du-Rhône could claim a victim to be avenged, whether White or Blue. In towns like Avignon and Nîmes, the murderers all lived in one street or one quarter, their victims in another; in the former city the Carreterie, the republican stronghold, would again and again be the principal objective of White murder gangs. And, in more favourable circumstances, the artisan population might emerge from there, to beat up or kill the Whites. Certainly there had been any number of return matches between the two by 1815. Equally, there is nothing more like a *coup prévôtale* of 1815-16 than that of the old *prévôt de la maréchaussée*; and their repressive zeal was directed against much the same categories of habitual law-breakers; the smuggler (especially in the Nord and the Ardennes), the rural bandit, the occasional *tiraraeur*, the pillager of grain, those who destroyed forests, those who set fire to crops and to mills.

Like the previous White Terror of 1795-97, that of 1815 had two quite distinct and even opposing aspects: the apparently anarchical violence of the murder gangs of the south, and the Government-directed, judicial terror, operating principally through the ordinary courts, and directed as much against the common people, as an instrument of social repression, as against certain political categories: in the Year Three, former office-holders under the Terror, in the Year Eighteen of Louis XVIII, former office-holders under the Empire. The anarchical form of Terror—particularly the southern variety—actually encouraged law-breaking; the *verdets*, like the *compagnies* twenty years earlier, recruited readily among deserters, smugglers, poachers, rural bandits, *mauvais esprits* (a category that the author translates as "bad spirits"), servants, ex-soldiers, porters, former seamen, procurers, innkeepers, professional killers, Negroes. The organizers—*Chevaliers de la Foi* or former *gardes du Roi*—could not afford to be over-fastidious, but they seem even to have shown a positive preference for the man with a violent past. This Terror was also directed against property and property-owners (especially purchasers of Church lands), tax collectors, married priests and even generals. It may have been anarchical, but it was hardly spontaneous, being carefully planned, and aimed as much at the representatives of the Paris government as at those who had served the previous regimes.

In Toulouse, for instance, General Ramel was murdered, after minute planning on the part of the local leaders of the *verdets*, not because he was unpopular or because he was suspected of bonapartist sympathies —he was in fact completely loyal to the new regime—but because he was inconvenient; his existence prevented the *verdets* from enjoying the monopoly of force and of thus being able to terrorize at will the Toulousains (the *verdets* were, at least in this area, only a military minority). Similar calculations inspired the attempt on the life of General Lagarde in Nîmes; the presence of a *commandant de place* loyal to the Government, respectful of the law, and, above all, determined to see that the Protestants should enjoy the freedom of worship guaranteed to them by the *Charte*, was intolerable to those who had decided to use murder, not merely to satisfy a craving for vengeance (this was after all something of a luxury, to be offered as an extra inducement to the potential recruit) but to further a political programme the purpose of which was to seize all the positions of power on the spot. Murder was in fact much the most effective weapon of ultra-royalism in this part of the world; it removed altogether those who were the most determinedly inconvenient and frightened many others into resignation or even into complicity. It was also the most obvious weapon to hand, since it could be used with almost complete impunity, at least in the south. Those who shot Ramel and Lagarde never had to suffer for it; the unsuccessful assassin of the latter was even formally acquitted!

* * *

There could be no more dramatic way of demonstrating the inability of the central Government to protect life and property, even to raise taxes, and the omnipotence of the secret government—a very open secret—of the south, of the duc d'Angoulême's *royaume du Midi*. Southern terrorism relied for its striking force on the local *gardes nationales*—some of these even had two sets of uniforms, official and unofficial, to represent their alleged and their real functions, the one for parades, the other for killings—and for its impunity, once the killings had achieved their purpose, on local *juges de paix* and local jurors, equally defiant of central authority, equally subservient, when not openly sympathetic, to local bullies and to those who hired them. It proved quite impossible to convict self-admitted White murderers in the Gard and the Bouches-du-Rhône any time between 1795 and 1797, or between 1815 and 1819—in spite of elaborate efforts on the part of the higher authorities (*agents nationaux, commissaires du Directoire*, sometimes by no means all prefects and sub-prefects) to secure the appointment of reliable jurors among well-to-do property holders. The only hope, it seems, of getting a conviction was to have them tried in another Department, preferably right out of the area, for the judges of the Bouches-du-Rhône would as likely as not acquit the assassins sent to them from the Gard, and *vice versa*.

Certainly the most alarming aspect of this recurrence of political violence in the south-east is the degree of complicity in crime on the part of respectable and honourable people who, in normal circumstances, would have regarded murderers with horror and who, when faced with a highwayman, would have sought help from the police or the gendarmerie, but who, under the impact of the politics of vengeance, thought nothing of paying brutal, but simple, men to kill their political and religious opponents, fêting them, playing on their conceit, congratulating them on their *coup de main*, calling them by their nicknames, filling them with drink, before and after, letting them go to bed with their servants, after. The poacher, the deserter, the bandit and the corner boy must have thought that the world had turned upside-down when they found themselves invited to the local *château*, vigorously patted on the back by the squire, in the presence of his womenfolk, and told that he was a fine fellow *qui n'avait pas froid aux yeux*.

Perhaps, too, there was a natural link between the gentleman *frondeur* of the south and the poor man who lived by daring; both admired physical prowess, both could look back to long, happy years of marauding and violence, both, too, had lost much by a revolution that had put the emphasis increasingly on middle-class values. The Comte d'Antraigues, who admitted to a sneaking admiration for the "Jacobin rascals", because he thought that they were bold and determined ruffians who would stop at nothing to achieve their ends, would, in a context other than exile (with its necessary paraphernalia of codes, secret inks, plots and counter-plots, assassination attempts organized from afar) have made an admirable gang-leader, at the head of his own tenants and retainers, in the badlands of the old Vivarais, burning the houses and farms of purchasers of *bien nationaux*, and carrying out his cherished ambition to become "the Marat of the Counter-Revolution". And there were plenty of gentlemen like d'Antraigues in this lawless part of the world.

* * *

But d'Antraigues and his kind represent an essentially rural phenomenon, in an area notoriously backward, with few communications and only scattered hamlets. What is much more alarming is to discover that some of the great figures of early-nineteenth-century France, while perhaps not directly involved in the murder gangs (but their hangers-on, their bailiffs, their *intendants*, their servants, even their confessors, often were), knew of their existence and were informed in advance of their impending operations in such places as Toulouse or Nîmes. A man like Villèle was clearly able to live with this sort of thing and to profit from violence when it was used to political effect. It is equally alarming, though much less surprising, to learn that, in the case of the two unfortunate generals, the police authorities were hand in glove with the murderers; indeed, one of the assassins of Ramel was the son of the *commissaire principal de police* of Toulouse. Urban killing not only enjoyed a wide degree of permissibility, but it was also given the most official and effective of protections.

The Government Terror, on the other hand, was directed as much against smugglers, murderers, rural outlaws, beggars and vagrants as against political suspects. As in 1795, the central government and its agents in the Departments did their utmost—but their utmost was not very much—to bring to book the political assassins as well. On both occasions, the contrast between the anarchical terror of the south-east and the Rhône valley, and Government repression, via the courts and military commissions, is dramatically striking. The Government had its own reputation to keep up, though in the Year Three it may not have been much of one; it could not merely resign its functions and hand over whole areas of France to the politics of vengeance. For this was what was at stake, in 1795 as in 1815: whose law was to run? Whose arm was to be felt? The White terrorist of the Years Three to Seven, like that of 1815, employs the rural shotgun, the Mediterranean stiletto (that could be used for eating too), the woodman's axe, the pitchfork, the scythe, the sabre, the sword-stick, the dagger, even the *bâton*; in this part of [illegible] despite decades and decades of [illegible] armed, has to hand something with which to [illegible] (*suigner* or *suigner* [illegible] with *couper en morceaux*, to [illegible] expressions most in favour in [illegible] sunny land). The Terror employs the [illegible] the killing squad, the [illegible] Terror of 1815-16 the firing [illegible] and the gallows ("another [illegible] tion", notes the author, on the [illegible] ject of the *cours prévôtales*, "a [illegible] specification that those convicted [illegible] crimes calling for capital punishment [illegible] die by hanging rather than by [illegible] guillotine, instrument of the Revolution . . .").

* * *

So much for what is known, at least by the historian who is prepared to read back in time and to study the records of local courts, and those of the Ministry of Justice, for what can be guessed—for the uncharted zones of the historical crime, a good deal of guesswork is essential (at least by anyone who does not regard *Les Chauffeurs du Nord* as a work of history). Dr. Resnick's subject [illegible] Here, for instance, does the Gard, with its [illegible] five people, three of them [illegible] condemned to death for [illegible] cide, wife-slaying, [illegible] ing, robbery and murder [illegible] and murder between 1790 and 1[illegible] compare with other Departments in the south-east? (Dr. Resnick [illegible] that crimes of violence were [illegible] the Gard.) How many [illegible] away scot free, owing to the [illegible] mous difficulty, in this part of the world, of getting juries to [illegible] for murder? One can be pretty sure that at least of one thing: that only a [illegible] total of twenty-three persons were [illegible] demned and executed in Nîmes for murder between 1815 and 1830 [illegible] had been a *verdet*; six, on the other hand, were poor Protestant shepherds who had shot and killed a few *verdets* who had come to them with threats and force. Certainly the acceptance of violence in which [illegible] cannot be measured numerically in terms of convictions. It is the people who got away and those that killed them that matter, and one would therefore need to count up acquittals as well (at least forty known murderers were acquitted by the juries of Aix or succeeded in having their cases removed, on appeal, to another court, between 1795 and 1797; indeed, only eight were convicted).

What then was the explanation for this apparently almost visceral ferocity of the southerners (and of the Lyonnais) and of this general tolerance of murder, political or private, as a social convention? Foreign observers, appalled by what they were going on, whether in 1795 or in 1815, put it down to the climate, to the *chaleur du tempérament*, to the [illegible] but intemperance of the ancients, to Marius and César (visitors from the north have always made the mistake of taking what these mighty [illegible] lists say literally), to family traditions, that made of vengeance a [illegible] or filial obligation for the survivors, to a long tradition of administrative anarchy (it was called "liberty" down here), to the existence, in the areas around Marseilles, a city with a multiplicity of *îles*, [illegible] described as an assassin's paradise, of a cosmopolitan riff-raff on the [illegible] of the scourings of the Mediterranean shores, to a crime wave that had begun, in 1788, as housebreaking and pilfering and that had only [illegible] the impetus of the Revolution to be extended to violence and murder and had continued almost [illegible] ever since, to the economic decline of the southern Departments, and to the existence, at least in certain of them, of easily identifiable [illegible] figures: mamelukes and Corsicans in Marseilles, Protestants in the Gard, the hated and very isolated *nouveaux riches* in Lyons; finally, to the lack of so general in these parts, of carrying arms.

* * *

The "authorities of Marseilles" at least had their own explanation to offer; in 1795 they were to claim that the prison massacres were the work of "strangers", who had come especially to the Second City to carry out the killings (they even identified some of them as Lyonnais, Nîmois and Corsicans) and, in 1815, as Dr. Resnick shows, the city authorities were to ask about the massacre of Old Mamelukes, once more fell back on an argument that had done duty in connection with many places in the course of the Revolution (Parisian aberrations were willing to state that those who had taken part in the September massacres were people "who did not [illegible] the accent of the Parisis", and [illegible] authorities of the Vaucluse claimed that a series of murders perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Avignon in 1795 was the work of a gang from Montpellier). Southerners seem to have accepted the fact of violence among themselves; but they did not like to have it published up in Paris. In any case, any [illegible] violence, as apart from a [illegible] vendetta or a wayside killing, could be the work of strangers. Whatever the explanation, the figures are there for the finding: and there still remains the problem presented by the local killer, known to all, the pride and terror of his village, *le champion*. For he is a leading figure in the Year Three; and anyone who would take the trouble to move away from Dr. Resnick's narrow highroad in order to plunge into an arid, aromatic, stony and pitiless countryside, would no doubt meet up with him again.

It is easier to understand why the Nord should have been, for a time, such a bandits' terrain; smuggling kept a sizable army of crime constantly afoot or mounted (the foot smuggler, says Vidocq, was a Fleming, the mounted one a Walloon), and skilled in forays with the *douaniers*. From smuggling it was an easy stage to banditry; and the smugglers had at their disposal an elaborate network of inns and friendly houses, both in cities such as Lille and in small towns like Béthune and Doullens; these were run by retired smugglers who were also receivers. The smugglers' network was available to the *chauffeurs*, who could thus sleep near their jobs and lie low in the city when the jobs were done. If the worst came to the worst, the frontier was near and could be easily crossed. Similar networks existed on the other side, both before and after Belgian Independence. Violence in the Nord both between 1795 and 1798 and in 1815-17 was criminal rather than political (though the *chauffeurs* of the Year Four claimed to torture their wealthy farmer victims in the name of Christ and King), it could draw on a long tradition of lawbreaking; and, on both occasions, could readily recruit among a mass of deserters or discharged soldiers. It was no doubt much the same in the Moselle.

The principal merit of this small book is at least to have raised some of these questions in the minds of the reader. There can, of course, be no satisfactory answer to them until the relationship between Terror and crime, between political vengeance and private vengeance has been more thoroughly explored, and until the social composition of the *compagnies*, the gangs, the *verdets*, the *miquelets*, and the *chauffeurs* has been the object of research in the records of the criminal courts. The White Terror of 1815-16 was not a flash in the pan; it had deep roots in an unhappy, recent past and in regions where, for at least a generation, political issues had been habitually solved by violence.

MENSHEVIK STALWART

EVA BROIDO: *Memoirs of a Revolutionary*. Translated and edited by Vera Broido. 150pp. 9 plates. Oxford University Press. 25s.

In this slim but handsomely published volume one of the minor figures of the Russian revolutionary movement tells the story of her life and struggle up to the year 1917. The narrative is in parts vivid and moving, but its fabric is modest and its scope limited. It is made up of two strands, one depicting the cruel barbarity of Russian life in the pre-revolutionary epoch, the other describing the great hopes and the idealism of the revolutionaries.

Eva Broido grew up in a Jewish-Lithuanian peasant family, amid harrowing poverty and insecurity. From her early childhood she was haunted by memories of savage feuds between Russian and Lithuanian peasants who senselessly and in cold blood slaughtered each other. The impression of this kind of "elemental" barbarity persists through most of the story, but the scale on which it manifests itself grows until, in 1905, we are confronted by the horrible massacre of Armenians in the Caucasus. This, however, was no mere elemental cruelty, for, as the author indicates, the racial antagonisms were surreptitiously fanned by those who were interested to use them as an antidote to the revolutionary movement in the Caucasus.

The author joined underground Social Democratic circles at the turn of the century. She organized a "Labour Library" in St. Petersburg which published one of Korolenko's banned stories, brochures on the French revolution, the Russian Working Woman, and similar subjects. For such innocent activities she and her comrades were deported to some of the remotest places in Eastern Siberia. Chronic, in prison, she married Mark Broido. Chained convicts were their witnesses, and she had to borrow her wedding ring from another prisoner. In Siberia, in the Yakutsk Province, conditions were so oppressive and unbearable that the deportees organized a rebellion, barricaded themselves in a large house, and sustained a long siege, until the besiegers, troops sent by the Governor, starved them into surrender. The Broidos managed to escape and make their way to London and Geneva. They found the Russian émigré colonies there agitated by the fresh split between Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, and after a while they joined the latter. In 1905 they returned to Russia and went to conduct Social Democratic propaganda in Baku.

The author's description of racial strife in that part of the Caucasus, though familiar from various Russian sources, will be highly instructive to English readers. Frustrated in their Social Democratic work by the racial massacres, the Broidos moved on to Moscow and St. Petersburg, where they soon became stalwarts of the Menshevik Party. Eva Broido later became secretary of the Menshevik Central Committee. This office, however, never had any of the importance which, much later, was attached to its counterpart in the Bolshevik organization. In any case, neither the author nor her husband belonged to the elite of Menshevik leaders; they were rather functionaries of the Menshevik "apparatus", sincere, dedicated, and quite unaware of how unequal they were to their formidable Bolshevik competitors. The spell of work in the capital was again followed by deportation and exile, this time to the much milder climate and conditions of southern Siberia. They regained their freedom after the February revolution of 1917, and on this happy event the author ends her narrative.

While these *Memoirs* offer, as the publishers say, "an exciting account of underground political life, imprisonments and escapes", they are definitely not, an important document in the history of Menshevism". On this aspect Eva Broido is rather uninformative and inarticulate. She relates a few minor incidents, of which the most important were her coming face to face with Plekhanov, Martov, and Zasulich in Geneva and her brief and embarrassed encounter with Lenin at a party forum in St. Petersburg. But she neither tries to portray the personalities nor does she attempt to discuss the issues; and so the great schism never comes to life in her pages. Her heart was probably not in it.

In my district of Vassilyevsky Ostrov in St. Petersburg the two wings of the party were more or less equal in influence. When the time came to elect our delegate to the . . . party centre the two wings could not agree on the candidate. The Mensheviks put me forward and the Bolsheviks proposed Mikhail Kalinin, the future President of the Soviet Union. . . . Personally Kalinin and I were very good friends. We lived not far from each other and we invariably walked home together after the meetings, talking amiably all the way. We were neither of us rabid fanatics and we often tried to persuade our comrades to find a compromise. But neither his Bolsheviks nor my Mensheviks would yield an inch.

Contrary to an impression left by the introduction to this book, Eva Broido was not a "fanatical" Menshevik even in later years. In line with her conciliatory attitude, after having left Soviet Russia in 1920, she decided to return in 1927. A Russian version of these *Memoirs* was published in Moscow in 1928 and was warmly recommended by a leading Bolshevik party historian. From the moment of her return, her daughter says in the introduction, "her fate was no different from that of other Mensheviks in the Soviet Union and she is believed to have perished like so many others in June, 1941". However, about her activities after 1927 and the circumstances of her death little or nothing is evidently known. Her book, for all its limitations, will give beginning students a fairly good idea of the life and the spirit of Russian revolutionaries, who, regardless of faction, fought against Tsardom during the epoch which preceded the great explosion of 1917.

AGONIZED DUPLICITY

PER HANSSON: *The Greatest Gamble*. Translated by Maurice Michael. 180pp. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

The Greatest Gamble is the story of a Resistance group in Norway between January, 1941, and the beginning of 1943. The group was described by a British contact as "perhaps the most efficient in all occupied Norway in the first two or three years of the war"; among its exploits were the sending of the first information which led to the sinking of the Bismarck and the capture under the Germans' noses of the Norwegian ship Galtesund. The central figure around whom the story is told is Gunvald Tomstad, a young farmer of Flekkefjord. He is well chosen for this role, both for his own qualities, of strength of mind, ingenuity and steadfastness, and because he was the useless operator of the group.

On a cool consideration of espionage, particularly in an occupied country, the last link in the chain, the man who passes on the information to the address where action can be taken, must be accounted the most vital and the most endangered. When all the population are hostile, and at best in desire potential informers, it is almost impossible for the troops of occupation to keep their movements and intentions secret. Patriots with the added spur of hatred can infiltrate any protective organization. But information is useless unless it can quickly come into the hands of those who can make use of it. Radio is the only sure method; but any transmitter can be detected and, by the use of direction-finding equipment, its approximate location quickly discovered. The operator is thus not only the key man in the organization, without whom the rest are useless, he is also almost invariably the first man to be picked up. As he taps out his brief message he expects every minute the arrival of the enemy, and thinks of the cyanide tablet in his pocket.

The fact that Tomstad continued to transmit for the unprecedented period of two years is a tribute both to his courage and persistence and to an ingenious cover device. Shortly after he was recruited into the group he was told by his leader that extraordinary measures were necessary; he was ordered to join Vidkun Quisling's Nasjonal Samling. There were very few of Quisling's men in Flekkefjord and every one was a target for the contempt and hatred of his fellows. The violent emotions of the occupation years blow through the pages of Per Hansson's book, for Norway, which gave the world a new generic name for traitor, retains the memory of those days of humiliation with a still vivid ferocity. It is a story of stirring adventure, but it is even more absorbing as a psychological study of a man who in the pursuit of his patriotic duty deliberately set out to make himself hated by his family and friends. It ends happily, for Tomstad managed to escape to London when the inevitable discovery came, and after the war married his faithful courier; but even twenty years later he is still affected by his two years of agonized duplicity.

This is the second book on the Norwegian resistance by Per Hansson, a journalist working for *Dagbladet*. It reads very well in Mr. Maurice Michael's translation.

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PUT FURNISHINGS

PIERRE VERLET: *French furniture and Interior Decoration of the Eighteenth Century.* 291pp. Barrie and Rockliff. £9.

JACQUELINE VIAUX: *Bibliographie du meuble (Mobilier civil français).* 587pp. Paris: Société des Amis de la Bibliothèque Forney. 35fr.

The somewhat ridiculous plot of Bastide's forgotten novel *La Petite-Maison* turns on no less a point than the attempt of its hero/villain, the Marquis de Trémicour, to overcome the resistance of Mélite, the heroine, by the sheer beauty of the interiors of the *petite maison* he has built on the outskirts of Paris with the express purpose of seducing her. At one point, overcome by the exquisitely voluptuous furnishings of the *salle aux stues* she actually swoons. Tedious as the endless descriptions of the furnishings (which form the principal feature of the book) must appear to the average novel reader today, they can hardly have seemed so to contemporaries, for it ran through three editions in the decade following its publication in 1752. For students of the decorative arts it is not only a highly informative document but also makes the point that interior decoration had an obsessive interest for Frenchmen in the eighteenth century and furniture actually held a strong emotive appeal for them.

Although M. Verlet does not quote from *La Petite-Maison* in the fascinating and richly illustrated book under review, he might well have done so, for it it extremely pertinent to his theme. This is not merely the provision of a new and better-informed handbook of what the furnishings of a smart French house consisted of at any given moment in the eighteenth century, but is also an attempt to explain why certain types of furniture were created, the demands, social as well as functional, they satisfied, and the nature of their appeal to contemporaries. To produce in fact a philosophy of furniture during the *Grand Siècle*, when, it is generally agreed, the technical standards of Parisian furniture craftsmanship were raised to a level which has never been surpassed.

Such a philosophy certainly existed, even if it was held unconsciously. A far greater social importance was attached to interior decoration in eighteenth-century France than in any other European country at that or indeed any other period in history. It involved a hierarchical attitude to furnishing which caused the duc de Croÿ (whose memoirs reveal him as interested in the minutest details of the furnishings of his own house) to remark in 1778 "ce sont les grandes maisons qui ont écrasé la plupart des grandes familles". It led French ambassadors abroad to indulge in profligate displays which, if they did much to diffuse French styles throughout Europe, contributed seriously to the impoverishment of a family like the Polignacs and the resounding bankruptcy of the Rohan-Guemenées in 1788. A great nobleman like the Prince de Condé would think nothing of placing a single order costing 28,000 *livres* for furnishing fabrics and even Louis XVI, a monarch much less interested in furnishing than either of his predecessors, spent almost a million *livres* (say £1m. in today's currency) with the *ébéniste* Riesener alone in the first decade of his reign. And Riesener was only one of several dozen furniture craftsmen in the regular employ of the French court.

Writing at the end of a lifetime devoted to the vanished glory of French eighteenth-century furniture, the entire study of which he has revolutionized by his researches into the archives of the Mobilier de la Cousomme de France, M. Verlet brings an immense breadth of learning to his subject. He is intimately acquainted not merely with the obvious archival sources which survive in such profusion in the Minutier Central and the Archives Nationales, but has also a profound knowledge of the pictorial, social, historical and technical documents available as well as a memory stored with what he has seen in almost all the great public and private collections of Europe and America that he has visited. He is able to bring to light the ideas, as distinct from the mere habits and rituals, lying behind the puzzling distinction made between *chaises meublantes* which stood around the wall in military formation and were never sat on, and the *chaises courantes* on which one sat for conversation and comfort. He can explain why a great nobleman like the duc de Choiseul would always have a huge bed in one of the principal reception rooms though he slept in a smaller one elsewhere. This was something which troubled even a contemporary furniture craftsman like Roubo who, noting the custom, commented that such extravagant size seemed unnecessary seeing that "les grands seigneurs . . . ne sont pas ordinairement plus grands ni plus gros que les autres hommes".

Much of his knowledge depends on bringing intelligence and a richly stored imagination to the interpretation of inventories of the contents of a house, those concise but often ambiguously worded documents drawn up by lawyers and stewards for their own convenience without a thought of their significance for posterity. At the end of *French Furniture and Decoration of the Eighteenth Century* he prints three representative examples of these, commenting on them in his text and illustrating them by engravings taken from such technical sources as Roubo's *Art du Menuisier*, from the relevant articles in the *Encyclopédie*, or more rarely by the objects themselves where they survive. Under his lively pen and well-stored imagination these bald documents spring vividly to life. Even the captions of the illustrations almost always contain some nugget of unfamiliar information.

The entire book reminds us how much farther the study of furniture has proceeded in France than in this country. Partly this is due to the more readily accessible documentation available across the Channel, but it is also owing to the greater encouragement given to the subject by museums, universities and other learned institutions there. As if to emphasize the point, the librarian of the Bibliothèque Forney in Paris (itself devoted exclusively to the decorative arts and without parallel here) has published a complete bibliography of writings on French furniture down to the end of 1965. It contains more than 5,000 entries under such headings as *Meubles par Epoque, Inventaires, Artistes, Techniques,* or *Corporations,* all of them elaborately cross-referenced in four indexes. Mlle. Viaux's book, like M. Verlet's, is an indispensable tool for all interested in the study of the decorative arts in France and each provides a model which could be imitated with great advantage by students of our own historical furniture.

SIKH STEREOTYPES

W. G. ARCHER: *Paintings of the Sikhs.* 284pp. Victoria and Museum. H.M.S.O. £3 3s.

This is indeed a work of love. One might say at first glance that it is a book about the Sikhs and Sikh history rather than about Sikh art. And in a sense this is true. For the paintings produced for the Sikhs seem to have been virtually all portraits of historical personages, and the interest of the pictures may well seem to rest not so much on aesthetic considerations as on the personalities of the sitters.

In fact the Sikhs' painters seem to have been mainly artists trained in the Rajput Guler-Kangra style. And, as Mr. Archer points out, it was not until the second or third decade of the nineteenth century that the Sikh rulers felt able to employ directly artists associated with Rajput traditions against which the Sikhs were in full opposition. Ranjit Singh in particular had personal objections to the entire Rajput court order, as well as a distaste for art—which may have been due to the fact that he was personally so disfigured by smallpox. When official painting in this style was established, it was much narrowed in scope. It lasted until the 1870s, at which time pure European influence overwhelmed the native tradition.

In fact the Sikhs' painters became acquainted with European painting quite early in their history. For a number of European professionals or gifted amateurs worked even at the court of Ranjit Singh, with his permission if not encouragement. Mr. Archer reproduces a number of their works in this book.

The native style of Sikh portraiture was derived from one of the strands of court painting in the Panjab hills. At Basohli, before Guler and Kangra, and in other Panjab states, there had grown up a tradition of representing the rulers of the states engaged in some formal court occupation. Occasionally the painters had followed remote Mogul example and documented historical events in which the ruler was represented playing a part. However, during the eighteenth century at Basohli, Mankot, Mandi and Bilaspur (according to Mr. Archer) the custom had grown up of making sets of standardized portraits of the local dynasty, usually in pure profile, to feed dynastic pride. It was chiefly this type of painting which was adopted by the Sikhs. There are a number of pictures recording great moments of Sikh history, such as the suttee of Ranjit Singh's wives and female servants. But most Sikh pictures were sets of portraits made to feed the pride of the Sikhs in the achievements of their own great men. The heroes glorified by being translated into stereotype.

Mr. Archer's text is securely based on the diaries and records of English men and women who lived in the Panjab, and admired the Sikhs. It is very fortunate that some of those who had been educated, in the eighteenth century English fashion, as amateur artists. They did not, it seems, appreciate the local style at all. And perhaps surprising that their own work came to influence the Sikh painters as relatively slowly as it did.

Mr. Archer has followed out the fortunes of the great men of Sikh history and their associates, Indian and European, with the greatest care, collecting numerous stories and anecdotes from his sources. His notes and bibliography are first-class. He has done a great service to the Sikhs and to Indian history. And at the same time he has illuminated an art which has hitherto presented a rather dull and unintelligible face to the world.

MIRÓ IMAGES

YVES BONNEFOY: *Miró.* 296pp. text and 64pp. plates. Faber and Faber. £6 6s.

This luxurious publication is in a way supersedes the standard full-length monograph on Miró published by M. Jacques Dupin in 1962. It is not an authorisation, nor does it pretend to be a biography of the artist. M. Bonnefoy concentrates primarily on Miró's development from 1917 till 1930, that being "to re-live and re-interpret" the course of Miró's struggle against the turmoil within him "during those years. This, in short, is an image, as opposed to a factual or critical text, and M. Bonnefoy concentrates on the way in which Miró developed from the "expressionist" his beginnings to an art in which "the very act of painting" became a liberation of his self and the "elemental forces" alive within him. Miró's realism is obviously very much the fore but there is no attempt to interpret Miró's imagery or his glyphics. The volume is handsomely illustrated with 76 plates, 38 of them in colour. The quality throughout is excellent. The translation by John Landry is fluent. An index to the plates would have been useful, but it is a pity that none of them dates from a painting later than 1960. Even a biographical outline reaches 1962.

FINISHED ?

ROBERT SIMPSON (Editor): *The Symphony.* Vol. I. Haydn to Dvořák. 382pp. 8s. 6d. Vol. II. Elgar to the Present Day. 282pp. 7s. Penguin.

In 1949 Penguin Books published *The Symphony,* edited by the late Ralph Hill and designed to increase the enjoyment of symphonic music. Now the same task has been undertaken anew with the same object in view, at a slightly more sophisticated level, by a new team of writers—only Humphrey Searle's study of Liszt has been reprinted. The editor, Dr. Robert Simpson, in his two introductions, of which the ostensible purpose is to define the content of meaning in the word "symphonic", reasserts the principles that have been evolved by tradition and experience against the anarchism, now rife, that Mr. Hugh Ottaway in a final summary of present prospects for symphonic composition stigmatizes as nihilism. It was time for someone to take a stand against the sanctification of chaos.

The other great aesthetic principle, which is not specifically discussed but inevitably crops up *passim*, namely meaning, either as the source of a composer's inspiration or as the object of his expression, is most succinctly formulated by Mr. David Cairns in his chapter on Berlioz, in which he says that the drama of symphonies "is worked out in terms of controlled symphonic design, their most passionate feelings objectified into statements that transcend the ego which produced them". One other fundamental principle, that of tonality, is firmly stated as essential by Dr. Simpson, who says bluntly that "the brilliant and original works that Stravinsky calls symphonies" are no such thing, and also implies that tonality, like rhythm, is a built-in faculty of the human mind and cannot therefore be abolished, no matter to what lengths Schoenberg will go to "anaesthetize" it.

The main text is from the pen of the case analytical, but illustration is cast by features other than primary factors of key and theme: the most original of these, or at any rate the least familiar from concert-programme-notes, are to be found in Mr. Harold Truscott's essay on Schubert, though naturally each of the fruitful developments of sonata form are to be found in the same volume, which deals with, among others, Sibelius, Nielsen and Vaughan Williams. For completeness with very large outputs, Shostakovitch and Havergal Brian is given a corner at the age of ninety in the company) for instance, more than many criticism has to be compressed. In general great resource is shown alike in exposition and commentary.

The biggest burden has been borne by Mr. Harold Truscott, whose main assignment is the German classical line to and including Franz Schubert. Robert Layton looks after Scandinavia (going back to Berwald) and eastern Europe; Mr. David Cairns takes on the modern English line; Julius Harrison, to whose memory the book is dedicated, had written on Mendelssohn, Schumann, Brahms and Dvorak before he died in 1963; a newcomer to authorship is Mr. John Manduell, who writes on the French symphonists, Franck and Roussel; Mr. Hans Keller, who writes on Mozart and Tchaikovsky, has restrained his passion for paradox; the largest single essay (180 pages) is devoted to Beethoven, is by Mr. Rudolf Lam.

THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY

PATRICK REYNTIENS: *The Technique of Stained Glass.* 192pp. Batsford. £4 4s.

FRITZ KÄMPFER and KLAUS G. BEYER: *Glass, A World History.* Translated and revised by Edmund Launert. 315pp. Studio Vista. £8 8s.

GUSTAV WEISS: *Ullstein Glasserbuch.* 336pp. Berlin: Ullstein. DM.48.

Take a piece of whatever kind of glass you have selected, which should be in every way larger than the piece on which it is to be put, lay it against this actual place on the pattern and, as through the glass you descry the drawing on the board, trace the outlines on the glass with chalk. If the glass is too thick for you to be able to make out the drawing on the board, take some white glass and draw it on that. When this is dry, place the thick glass over the white and, looking through it, make your tracing. In the same way make out all the kinds of glass, whether for the face or the draperies, for the hands, feet, border, or wherever you want to have colours.

The passage quoted comes from the *De Diversis Artibus* of Theophilus, a treatise probably written in north-west Germany between the years 1110 and 1140, if the very reasonable conjecture of his admirable editor, Professor Dodwell is to be accepted. It might very well have come from Patrick Reyntiens's new book.

In his section on glass, which forms Book Two of *De Diversis Artibus*, Theophilus instructs the reader in, among other things, the designing of stained glass windows, the making, colouring and cutting of the glass, the casting of the lead cames, and the final assembling of the completed window. No step is left without explanation and every process is described in simple and direct language. So too Mr. Reyntiens, some eight centuries later, in an admirably comprehensive manner he deals with every aspect of work in a modern stained glass studio. The efficient organization of the working space, the selection of materials and equipment, the management of the business side of a commission all receive comment. The choice of glass, its storage and handling are considered in the light of the writer's own practical experience. The core of the book, however, consists of a meticulous description of the principles of design, and the preparation of cutlines, the cutting and painting of the glass and various methods of firing. This is followed by a detailed treatment of glazing techniques. Finally, the possibilities of polyester and epoxy resins are examined in the same thorough and workmanlike manner. Every chapter of the book bears the mark of the author's thoughtful and objective approach to his subject, and, as befits a considerable stained glass artist, it breathes a loving intimacy with the minutiae of the glazier's craft.

It is above all thoroughly professional. From the selection of the best brushes (badger) and the correct place to hand over the insurance (just outside the studio, so that it can be charged ex-works) there is scarcely a corner of his chosen field that Mr. Reyntiens does not illuminate. At times indeed his emphasis on tidiness and studio discipline has more than a suggestion in its tone of that other handbook writer, Cennino Cennini. Yet Cennino, who warns against female company for the tremor it induces in draughts-man's hand, would hardly have approved of the statement that "Once the glass has been laid on to trays and stacked in the kiln and all the controls properly set, you can in theory go out for the day wenching, and come back to find everything done."

On almost every page evidence can be found of a refreshing awareness of the growing proximity between the best modern stained glass and modern painting, and the realization that once again a fruitful dialogue between the two has been initiated. Modern stained glass need no longer be a rag-bag of tired visual clichés, nor a derivative mode timidly copying achievements in other media. There are many lucid instructional line-drawings and numerous photographs. Unfortunately, as is lamentably too often the case, several windows have been photographed against the sun, much of the detail being reduced thereby to an illegible blur. The bibliography is messy, with continual misspellings and curious omissions.

Whereas the stained glass artist now has many new materials ready to hand, the *matière* of the glass maker, though susceptible to every nuance of structure, colour and treatment, remains essentially the same. Fritz Kämpfer and Klaus G. Beyer's book is a well produced pictorial history surveying the development of glass during four millennia. Preceded by a concise and sensible introductory essay, a corpus of well over 200 admirable illustrations constitutes the most valuable part of the work. A catalogue of the objects illustrated giving their dimensions and references to the literature, and a glossary are appended.

Good though the book is of its type, it is surpassed by the *Ullstein Glasserbuch* of Gustav Weiss. As a history of glass it is a model of succinctness which yet contains an extraordinary amount of factual information. The photographs are outstandingly good, although on a somewhat smaller scale than in the collaborative work, and the text is interspersed with useful chronological charts and line drawings.

Fiction

THEN AND NOW

VALENTIN KATAYEV: *The Holy Well.* Translated by Max Hayward and Harold Shukman. 160pp. Harvill Press. 21s. *Trava Zabven'ya. Novy Mir,* No. 3, 1967. pp. 3-129. Moscow: Izvestiya. 70ks.

YEVGENI YEVTUSHENKO: "Pearl Harbour". *Yunost,* No. 5, 1967. pp. 55-73. Moscow: Pravda. 40ks.

Only four years younger than Mayakovsky, Valentin Katayev is, with Ilya Ehrenburg, Konstantin Paustovsky and Leonid Leonov, one of the rare survivors of the literary generation which came to the fore in the 1920s. His survival seems as remarkable and as sinister as that of Ehrenburg, for—like Ehrenburg—Katayev was never more than a fellow traveller. He was able to write in 1933 perhaps the most convincing of the "five-year plan" novels, *Time Forward,* because, in describing the construction of a vast industrial complex in Magnitogorsk, he showed that he could share and convey the excitement of the revolution without allowing his writing to be stifled by the revolution's frequent single-mindedness. He was, of course, often subjected to the same kind of humiliation that others had to endure, and in 1951, like Fadeyev, he was forced by Stalin to rewrite, in fact mutilate, a war novel because it had failed to depict the communist resistance in Odessa correctly. Unlike Fadeyev (who committed suicide), he survived the experience and from 1955 to 1962 he edited *Yunost,* a monthly which with *Novy Mir* has introduced most of the best young writers, founders of a style which Katayev describes ironically as *mauvisme,* from the French *mauvais,* because it has rejected socialist realism.

The Holy Well and *Trava Zabven'ya* (The Grass of Oblivion) are both novels only to a certain extent. Both display, intermittently, fragments of surrealist fantasy, travelogue, the occasional love story, extensive quotation from Russian poetry and, particularly *Trava Zabven'ya,* straight reminiscence. In *The Holy Well* an anaesthetic is used as an excuse for the narrator to flit around from one mood to another. Put to sleep by his nurse, he wakes up with his wife in paradise. Paradise thus is only a dream, and even the dream has a strong element of nightmare. There may be paradise today, but how can it be reconciled with the horrors of yesterday? The ghosts of the past stubbornly insist on spoiling the fun.

Katayev is in fact writing a neatly oblique little parable about the difficulties men of his generation have had in reconciling the Stalinist era with the achievements of the revolution, and his nightmares throw up what turn out to be rather contrived symbols of past experience. For instance, he is forced to witness the performance of a "talking cat" which has been forcibly trained by its master to utter human words. In the end, the wretched animal dies during a routine training session, defeated by the word "neokolonializm". The business of cats is to catch mice, just as it is the business of writers to write books, not odes to Stalin.

From paradise, Katayev flies to America, and like many Russians since Mayakovsky's poem about Brooklyn bridge, he is fascinated by the height of the buildings. Again, symbols are used, this time to depict his intimidation, for he is obsessed most of the time by the feeling that his shoes are not clean, and that the whole of New York is staring at his feet, looking for a spot of dust. In New York he meets a travelling Russian intellectual, the post-thaw version of the "talking cat", who warns him not to show his admiration of America too openly. Katayev had a sly, snobbish laugh back, however, at the breed of back Writers' Union bureaucrats who travel the world in delegations delivering platitudes about cultural exchange. At a banquet in the Waldorf Astoria the "intellectual" dips his hands into what he takes to be a fingerbowl, only to find, to the capitalist's amusement, that the bowl contains a pineapple dessert.

However, also like most Russians, Katayev is not so intimidated by America that he is unaware of its faults, and in the half-closed eyes of a United States general there flicker reflections of scenes of horror in Vietnam. Katayev tends to perceive much decadence in the United States and has little ultimate hope for a country that has "chosen the path of Rome, not the path of Athens", an analogy which reminds one that Russian chauvinism can be curiously Byzantine.

Katayev believes that he is "organically related" to the universe, and oddly enough it was in the Sheraton Hotel, Houston, when looking at an artificial drake floating in a pond in the hotel lobby, that he "made the discovery that man has the magical ability to turn for a moment into the object he is looking at". There are many effectively weird descriptions in *The Holy Well* where the narrator's consciousness is arbitrarily attached to the surface of a highway, then to the car in which Zola drove to the Dreyfus trial, then to a department store, then to the dry Texas earth, and so on.

It is not hard to understand why *The Holy Well* has been something of an event in the Soviet Union, and why Yevtushenko has, with some exaggeration, described the novel as a work of genius. In *Trava Zabven'ya,* Katayev allows himself the same exuberant changes of mood and content. The novel is no more or less consistent than the author's sometimes conscious, sometimes subconscious memory. Most remarkable in it are the descriptions of two great friends of the author, the Nobel prize-winning émigré, Ivan Bunin, and Mayakovsky. Katayev tells us that *Trava Zabven'ya* is the story of a novel called *The Angel of Death* which he always longed to write. It is mostly the story of how the angel of death swallowed up a whole literary generation. His descriptions of Bunin, a writer whose "magical realism" is very much in the Russian classical tradition of Turgenev, will be particularly fascinating to Russian readers, who have only recently had access to some of his works. To an Englishman, the idea of the grand old man moulding the young poet's (Katayev's) soul might seem mildly amusing. Katayev's defence of Bunin is touching though, showing understanding and even sometimes admiration for Bunin's *liberal* antipathy to the revolution, his fear of its cruelty. Katayev's verdict is that Bunin was wrong to leave Russia, and when he visits Bunin's widow some forty years later he is appalled by the pathos of the Russian émigré world in Paris. And yet Katayev must know that, even if to leave Russia is a fate worse than death—and Pasternak thought so—Bunin, had he remained, would surely have suffered the fate of others of his generation: hard labour, execution or suicide.

On Mayakovsky, Katayev is full of many colourful anecdotes, characteristic of that boisterous exhibitionist: Mayakovsky buying kilos of caviar; Mayakovsky snubbing Mandelshtam; Mayakovsky rushing to Blok's apartment, because his girl-friend has demanded Blok's autograph as a birthday present. On this occasion Mayakovsky announced himself arrogantly as "Mayakovsky the futurist", and Blok, who clearly regarded the visit as a climactic event in literary history, delivered a two-hour monologue on the destiny of Russian poetry, while Mayakovsky listened impatiently with one thought in his mind—would he get the autograph? There is also a tragic description of the fate of Mayakovsky's play *The Bathtub* after it was put on by Meyerhold, and finally a description of Mayakovsky's last night on earth, which he spent at a party in Katayev's house before shooting himself.

These two books by Katayev certainly enrich Soviet Russian literature. Katayev writes with the exuberance and exoticism of the "southern" or Odessa School of Russian writers to which he belongs, and of which Babel, Paustovsky and Olyesha have been the most remarkable exponents. The style is hard to render in translation but Max Hayward and Harold Shukman have done an excellent job in *The Holy Well.*

Like *The Holy Well* a great deal of Yevtushenko's long short story, "Pearl Harbour", is about the United States. The hero is a middle-aged American ex-serviceman called Grieves, who flies off to Pearl Harbour for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Japanese raid, during which he had been saved from death only by the happy chance that he got drunk that night and failed to report back on duty. Next to him on the plane he confronts a Japanese ex-pilot, who witnessed the raid from the air, but whose life has since been devoted to an organization for the preservation of peace. "Pearl Harbour" is mostly the story of the American's grudging recognition that his travelling companion is more victim of events than monster. He also meets a Russian poet, "tall, thin, long-nosed like a Pinocchio"—Yevtushenko himself, who attended the anniversary last year. The American reluctantly acknowledges that he too is a decent human being.

Like most Russians, including Katayev, Yevtushenko is fascinated by American advertising, and in "Pearl Harbour" he meditates on a slogan of the Avis car-hire company, "Hertz are bigger, but we try harder". "The Russians don't believe us", says Grieves, "we don't believe the Russians, and others believe neither us nor the Russians—and so on. And all try harder." Competition, whether in capitalism or between nations, is evil, for its aim is to secure happiness at someone else's expense. Yevtushenko uses a symbol very similar to Katayev's talking cat, reminding one of Russian writers' present need to have recourse to Aesopism: once in Hawaii, Grieves witnesses the performance of a trained dolphin. A man pretends to drown, and the dolphin, called Sheila, is summoned to "save" him. The trick disgusts Grieves, for he realizes that the dolphin might just as easily be trained to plant a mine. Why not allow it to swim freely in the sea? Enforced goodness and enforced evil are never far apart. Only when men are unregimented will they be genuinely good. Yevtushenko's passively anarchistic conclusion is less pessimistic than Katayev's in *The Holy Well,* for Katayev wakes from his American dream in the hospital ward with an image of a destroyed world. Yevtushenko writes loosely, in a Russian that Katayev might justifiably describe as *manviste,* with its curiously cosmopolitan genitives like "airconditiona", but his concern is manifestly genuine.

ON THE RUN

MAGGI LIDCHI: *Earthman.* 256pp. Gollancz. 25s.

Miss Lidchi's first novel has a familiar motif: corrupt, western man going to the end of the earth to salvage and fan into response the fag-end of his spiritual vitality. Christopher Progoff says a presumably symbolic farewell to the Tired World at Christmas Eve Mass in Notre Dame, and then drifts, more or less on other people's benevolent whims, to a Ceylonese ashram, which is eccentrically hectored over by an Irish swami. The swami's breezily sadistic programme of initiation begins to involve less the erosion of Christopher's resistances than a straight tussle of wills between the two men.

This part of the book is quite riveting. The writing is very tough and un-prissy, but also subtly tuned to every nuance of Christopher's sufferings. When he leaves for a South Indian village to become deeply hooked on the Cosmic/Mother Earth implications of some ancient frescoes, the reader's interest is likely to depend on his personal concern with the spiritual quest *per se.* Later on, after breaking with Ayrishswami, Christopher continues his search alone and eventually confronts the awful fact that Asian religious life may be very fine but scarcely justifies the hideousness of Asian poverty. When he falls in with a young Indian woman doctor, their relationship offers the promise of a bridge between irreconcilable world views. But *Earthman* then becomes almost too conventional a tale of two people together in flight from stifling backgrounds. The girl's family turn out to be as bourgeoisified and overlaid as that service in Notre Dame. So Progoff takes to the road once more, although his bond with the girl is firm. *Earthman* is an admirably arrogant book to have attempted, but its very talent and integrity may deny it a deserving reception.

MINI-EPIC

ALEJO CARPENTIER: *The Kingdom of this World.* Translated by Harriet de Onis. 160pp. Gollancz. 18s.

In Alejo Carpentier's novels God starts disposing before Man has finished proposing. His favourite setpiece—it takes up several pages of *The Kingdom of this World*—is the would-be jungle-tamer who sets his men to building him an ornate palace in some remote site. Hardly has he moved in before the rampant tendrils are pushing up through the floors. Carpentier takes the tragic view that we are bound to go on laying down rails for the future, but that it is no good expecting it to stick to them.

The Kingdom of this World, which first came out in Spanish in 1949, is a mini-epic, 160 pages of voodoo, plague, war and revolution, written almost entirely in the plural. It begins in San Domingo in the 1780s, in a slave society whose white overlords owe their way of life to metropolitan France. But wit, frivolity and the free use of whips are not enough to hold down the Negroes, who look back to the warrior gods of West Africa and despise the effete theories of kingship put about by their white owners. Revolt follows revolt until well into the next century, yet the condition of the slave-class hardly improves: white tyrants are replaced by mulatto ones.

Carpentier's view of history is such that his novels proliferate rather than progress. In *The Kingdom of this World* he reconstructs daily life with all his usual intensity. He works on the principle that stimuli change but reactions do not; for Carpentier a pop-song is a pop-song whether it was written by Jean-Jacques Rousseau or a Beatle. This novel is full of implicit equations between then and now, and in order to find the opportunities of making them it constantly wanders through shops, streets and squares, paying special attention to people's clothes, food and forms of entertainment. Now and again Carpentier also finds time to cross over to Europe, and it is the traffic in ideas and moral influence between continents that ultimately gives him his most substantial theme.

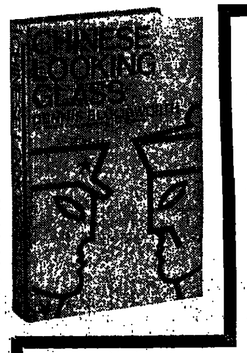
CUT UP

JILLIAN BECKER: *The Keep.* 248pp. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

If you think, as well you might from the blurb ("*The Keep* puts Mrs. Becker firmly into the line of distinguished South African novelists"), that you are in for some of the emotional and intellectual clarity of a Gordimer, Lessing or Jacobson, you're in for a shock. Some of the ingredients are, admittedly, similar: Jewish bourgeois family, hopeless liberalism, fascination with the physical landscape, strained relations with Africans and Afrikaners.

The Keep is the first of a trilogy and takes the Leyton family through the 1930s and into the war. Uncles and aunts live by nostalgic reminiscence of life in Old Russia; mother and father take refuge in blinkered, romantic daydream and obtuse liberal politics. But the story really revolves round appalling, strangely flaxen-headed son Simon, who decapitates and dissects a kitten, plants a giant lizard in his lustful lady analyst's consulting-room, and watches with interest as his mother dies of a snake-bite in the greenhouse. Meanwhile, his adoring sister suffers severe burns while trying to destroy the evidence of one of his misdeeds.

It is all told in a poetic prose which might best be described as strangulated Gothic. There seems to be some hint of an equation between the parents' attempts to sweep psychopathic, fascist Simon under the mat and what is going on in Europe, but it is all pretty opaque.



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SCAPEGOAT OR SYMPTOM OF SOCIAL ILLS?

THOMAS J. SCHEFF: *Being Mentally Ill.* 210pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s. THOMAS F. GRAHAM: *Medieval Minds.* 112pp. Allen and Unwin. 30s. *Mental Health in the Service of the Community.* Edited by Kenneth Soddy and R. H. Ahrenfeldt with Mary C. Kidson. (Vol. 3. 306pp. Tavistock. 45s. EUGENE HEIMLER: *Mental Health and Social Work.* 160pp. Penguin 4s.6d. NESTA ROBERTS: *Mental Health and Mental Illness.* 80pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 15s. (Paperback, 7s. 6d.)

From holy fool to sick society, the wavering, unsymmetric line which, over the centuries, we have described in our attitudes towards the mentally ill has covered varied terrain before recently coming to rest approximately at its starting point. By turns the lunatic has been prophet and scapegoat. Today he tends to be seen as a symptom, or, if you prefer it, a warning signal, the red light telling of trouble in a family whose most severely ill member is probably not the patient who presents himself, or is presented to, the doctor in the first instance. Such families, it is sometimes assumed, are the casualties of an industrialized society which has lost its coherence while increasing the demands it makes upon its members. (The last is so attractively reasonable a theory that it is disconcerting to be reminded, as, from time to time, the World Federation for Mental Health does remind us, that simple African tribesmen have their psychoses too.) From this it is but a step to seeing the patient as the one sane member of a mad society.

Mr. T. J. Scheff, in *Being Mentally Ill*, offers a variant of that theory drawn from his own discipline (he is Associate Professor of Sociology in the University of California). Starting from the basis that, despite the mass of studies of functional mental disorders, there is "no rigorous knowledge of [its] cause, cure or even symptoms", he restates the problem in terms of sociology. For "abnormal" read "deviant"; for "mental illness" read "residual deviancy". Deviancy implies a norm, here the rules, codified or not, accepted by the group. Large numbers of "normal" people, as Professor Scheff points out, sometimes break some of these rules. Why is it that only a minority of them go on to become "deviants" within the meaning of the act as mental patients? (There is ample evidence to support Professor Scheff's statement that the majority of sufferers from mental illness never receive medical attention.) Because, he replies, the society in which they live thrusts them into the role of "lunatic" and they produce the behaviour that is expected of them—in most social groups there are accepted stereotypes for "craziness" though they vary with the culture. Mad nor' nor' west may be sane sou' sou' east, as the author makes clear. And so? So, says Professor Scheff, get rid of the stereotypes, refrain from attaching the label, and the "deviant" will cease to conform to it. Destroy the "image" of insanity and the patient will no longer be "organized" into a mental illness, even though he may still exhibit the symptoms. With luck he may cease to do so, may cease even to need to do so.

Professor Scheff concedes that the "actual usefulness" of his theory is "largely an empirical question": to what extent is entry to and exit from the status of mental patient independent of the behaviour or condition of the patient? Whether its acceptance by all concerned would indeed have made much difference to the outcome of many of the grossly perfunctory screening processes for admission to or release from mental hospitals which he describes seems questionable. Professor Scheff suggests that it may be "better to develop a technique for systematically determining the absolute values of treatment and non-treatment, crude though the technique might be, than to leave the problem to the perhaps refined, but nevertheless obscure, judgment processes of the physician". Elsewhere he adds that,

although it is fairly clear that medical intervention is unnecessary in particular cases [this in any branch of medicine] and that it is probably done for financial gain, the evaluation of the influence of remuneration on diagnosis and treatment is probably, in most cases, a fairly intricate matter, requiring precise techniques of investigation.

Indeed—how there's a subject for research.

Dr. T. F. Graham, author of *Mediaval Minds*, is himself a psychologist and psychotherapist, and is evidently happy in his work as well as confident about it. Like those people who are impressed by the progress which has been made in music since the days of simple primitives like Byrd and Palestrina, or the barbaric begetters of the plainsong melodies of the Church, he peers into the mists of the Middle Ages and emerges, blissfully dazzled, into the world of light and learning which is psychological medicine today. To quote him on the minds of the mystics—"not aware of mental illness as such, the theologians of the early Church also ascribed bizarre reactions to divine intervention"—is to convey his attitude not unfairly. But once having come to terms with Dr. Graham's prose style (". . . Abelard and Héloise, who carried on an illicit affair", or "Once that grandiose bug nipped Rabelais it constricted the muscles round his ego like tetanus, and avoiding any contemporary counsellors, he attacked the monasteries, debunked legal methods and even argued—illogically of course—that women were no good") and allowed for his imperfect sympathy with St. Augustine, the reader will find in his book a fascinating and occasionally salutary panorama of former attitudes to mental illness, in which, too often, the terror drove out the pity. It may be thought that the most promising achievement of our own day is the reversal of that attitude. Heaven send that, in their turn, the beginnings of compassionate understanding are not overridden by mere ingenuity.

It is not only the understanding—used, here, in the sense of empathy rather than comprehension—which remains still at the incipient stage. The joint editors of *Mental Health in the Service of the Community* emphasize in their introduction that "the work in which we are engaged in advancing scientific knowledge of mental health is still only at its very beginning. The phase in which we are now working was fairly called 'prescientific'." This third, and final volume of the report of the International Study Group of the World Federation for Mental Health, comprising 25 specialists from 15 disciplines and 11 countries, who met in 1961 to discuss mental health perspectives, is, among much else, an impressive warning against a dogmatic approach. It is well to be reminded not only of the material deficiencies of every mental health service now in existence, and of the world shortage of trained staff in all departments, but also of the lack in large areas of psychiatry of reliable techniques for diagnosis and prognosis.

Professor Scheff would chime in with these witnesses when they declare diagnosis over most of the wide field of psychology to be "very unsatisfactory inasmuch as 'clinical diagnoses are still based mainly, if not entirely, on symptomatology'." At least they can record a wider grasp of the fact that diagnostic criteria cannot be separated from the cultural backgrounds of peoples (as Africans and Europeans, say) and accordingly that "in different social and cultural environments, apparently similar clinical symptoms or syndromes may have different aetiological origins and, conversely, that different clinical pictures may have a common aetiology". The group itself, surveying a world whose poles of mental health provision might be represented by the clinic at Montreal where people go for a mental health check-up, and by those countries where the ration of psychiatrists to the population is less than one to every million, was emphatic about the wisdom of allowing local methods of dealing with the mentally ill to continue until a new service could be properly staffed and equipped.

In parts of Africa today, western, or western-trained psychiatrists, are cooperating with the native healers in the management of their patients. The numbers of potential patients in the undeveloped countries may prove to be a revelation. A psychologist who had made a survey in Thailand, whose population is around 26 million, reported tens of thousands of schizophrenics, twice that number of mental defectives, and 100,000 drug addicts (but with the last, are we not back with the question of cultures? What constitutes a drug addict in a hemisphere in which smoking opium is as socially acceptable as drinking Martinis?).

More constructively, the report deals at some length with what can be done to promote mental health or prevent mental illness, whichever viewpoint one chooses to take, from the care and education of women in pregnancy, through marriage guidance and child guidance, to the imparting of mental health principles to local community leaders. Most of all, by providing in our shifting urban society the possibility for a family and social life that is satisfying as well as merely stable.

Mr. Eugene Heimler is concerned with those who have not enjoyed them, or who, for other reasons, have become mental casualties of greater or lesser gravity, and who, prevention having failed or never having been essayed, must be salvaged. He is by training a psychiatric social worker, but, unlike most of his kind, he did his fieldwork before he tackled the academic elements of his course. The field was a German concentration camp, Troglitz, in Thuringia, where, in the summer of 1944, at the age of 21, he was committed with several hundred others, mostly, like himself, Hungarian Jews. He saw some of his fellows rise far above the level of their previous selves; he watched others sink into degradation; he saw many driven to suicide or insanity by a deliberate "experiment" in mental health intended to establish how long people could hold out when they were condemned to totally meaningless work—in this instance, moving a heap of sand from one end of a factory to another, then back again, all day, every day, for weeks on end. Mr. Heimler survived, with a store of knowledge about human behaviour that a lifetime of more orthodox study would hardly have given him. Today he is working with the Hounslow Project, which is carrying out research into community care of the mentally ill. Earlier he organized psychiatric social work for Middlesex County Council; he has worked also among the long-term unemployed whom the National Assistance Board found intractably work-shy. All his work has been informed by a conviction that man is the product of both the past and the present; the two interact in a way that is measurable. Not only does the past affect our todays, but our todays may affect our yesterdays. In other words, man is not only what he was, but also what he does, and what he is. If he can be made free from the bondage of his past to utilize the "here and now" by gaining satisfactions from the present, he may heal his wounds to varying degrees.

There are purists to whom this will seem pretty fair heresy. Mr. Heimler, working in the world as it is, including the ramshackle structure which is our present system of community care, has found that he gets results. Working in cooperation with a general practitioner, for example, he found that some patients improved as a result of a single interview lasting about 45 minutes. At the end of a year, more than one half of them had shown a definite improvement, and the doctor reported that many of them needed fewer drugs than before. If community care is to mean anything at all, this is the kind of cooperation which must be achieved, and in this kind of realistic approach is the greatest strength of Heimler's small but most valuable book.

In her "telescoped" text—made for the use of students, Miss Nesta Roberts shows how the treatment of mental patients, their problems has changed from the era of strait jackets, chains and straw beds to the home-like hospitals of today. She recounts evolution from madhouse to asylum—in Victorian times "something between a Gothic cathedral and a Border castle"—to the predominantly "voluntary" hospitals of the present in Britain which nearly as many beds for mental as for physical patients. And with greater permissiveness, the existence of the stigma of certification, the abandoning of locks, the reading of to a great extent of compulsive detention, resulted.

In the wake of the "open door" policy, as Miss Roberts does not hesitate to point out, the emphasis has tended to move back to the community at large. Patients, who were encouraged to come and go, did so; and nowhere is the danger to appreciate as in the case of the former long-stay patients. A puzzled society (how and when does one cure of a depressive?) is only too ready to send them back to hospitals, as often than not they go unwelcomed, with resulting high readmission rates. Better after-care of patients, and training of their families, are needed if hospitals are not to become the ghoulish institutions of the past.

THINKING OF THE FUTURE

BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL: *The Art of Conjecture.* Translated by Nikita Lary. 307pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2 10s.

The task of forecasting social developments is becoming more difficult at the same time as it is becoming more urgent. This is the dilemma on which M. de Jouvenel bases this examination of the need and methods of knowing the future. In a custom-bound, static society, the possibility of both individuals and governments calculating the results of their actions and therefore making rational decisions is great. Since the social and political contexts in which an action is to be pursued are stable and known, the assessment of its probable effects is comparatively simple. Modern societies of whatever political complexion and at whatever stage of economic development are committed to change, both ideologically and under the imperatives of a continually developing technology. This commitment creates the need and the wish for reasoned forecasts which can inform planned social change; but it also adds to the number of what M. de Jouvenel calls "structural uncertainties", institutional and attitudinal changes that might affect the consequences of action. Continual social reconstruction, by multiplying the number of social variables relevant to a particular decision, makes successfully anticipated reconstruction harder to attain.

There are two possible responses to this dilemma and M. de Jouvenel displays them both. One is to urge political caution when dealing with settled social expectations and habits; the other is to urge a greater intellectual investment in the business of forecasting. In advocating the first, he returns to a conservative theme he has long explored in his writings, that the primary function of government is to guarantee the reliability and the continuity of the environment in which men act. He has also long pursued the second concern through the research organization *Futuribles*, of which he is director and whose rallying point is the "conviction that the social sciences should orient themselves towards the future". This book is, in many ways, a manifesto of *Futuribles*, defending the utility of its orientation and investigating the methods available to the forecaster. There is no doubt that the defence is much more successful than the discussion of procedures, for M. de Jouvenel does not adequately tackle the complicated problem of prediction in the social sciences and his categorization of different modes of prediction is too loose and rhetorical to be very helpful. One point is clear, however, and that is that he rejects any kind of determinism as a means of knowing the future. The task of the forecaster is to estimate the consequences of present decisions (whether they are decisions to act or not to act) and to project the probable contexts of future decisions. He is not a prophet and his rule is to aid rational decision-making, not to supersede it.

Although M. de Jouvenel is more compelling when he turns from methodological questions to the political implications of his argument, one political assumption rises directly from his rejection of determinism. The realm of politics is autonomous; political structures, changes, policies are not mere epiphenomena, reflecting more fundamental social or economic processes. These processes might determine the kind of problem that politicians have to face, they might narrow the range of alternatives open to them, but political choices cannot be deduced from a forecast of social trends. Indeed, it should be the object of forecasting to remove political decisions from the realm of necessity by revealing the full array of options, particularly in the long term. It is above all to the politicians that the social scientist must address himself, revealing to them the social trends of which they, as the main agents of social change, should be aware. M. de Jouvenel here seems to cast the state in a more positive role in the adaptation of institutions to social change than he has hitherto. Previously, he has argued that social leaders should provide the initiatives to which governments should react; now he recognizes that extended social control can only be established through governmental intervention and initiative. However, he insists that the political system should limit the wide-scale uncertainty which drastic governmental intervention can cause by fostering open public discussion of proposed changes and declarations of long-term intent. By avoiding the vices of secrecy and unpredictability, governments can provide individuals and groups with a map of the future by which they can rationally relate means to goals. In this vindication of indicative planning, he reiterates his earlier conclusion that governments stand as sureties for regular and foreseeable behaviour. How far are these two functions, provision of order and adaptation to change, practically compatible? The question is an old one but M. de Jouvenel, although he acknowledges there is a tension that has to be held in balance, does not really face it. When he gives an example of a successful system, the British, he measures its success on a Hobbesian criterion, its provision of known, certain and accepted procedures. But perhaps with Sidney and Concord in mind, we can doubt if sensitive social planning can be achieved without some critical revaluation of the political rules.

The responsibility for maintaining an informed public dialogue on the future rests with the social scientist who, M. de Jouvenel urges, need not concern arena in which their separate disciplines can converge upon common problems. From this "scheming forum" there should emerge a constant flow of predictions, a continual assessment of social possibilities, on which public discussion and political decision can feed. Again the conservative predilections show through. For the social scientists are to issue warnings, not to prescribe programmes. They must drag back the deciders to the world of reality. Their task of delineating feasible futures, they may draw long-run possibilities into current debate, but their most pressing function is "a zone off the unattainable".

At least implicitly, M. de Jouvenel realizes that this could severely impoverish social discourse. He grants, for instance, that normative questions must arise when we deal with long-term forecasting. We can ask what sort of new social needs technological development will create; we can also ask how technological development can be steered so as to create a society in which desirable needs may be felt and gratified. This leads, however, to an inquiry far outside the social scientist's terms of reference as M. de Jouvenel has set them.

In another way, he acknowledges that the forecaster must enter into moral judgments. Since social institutions are built around expectations and habits of behaviour involving particular moral norms and particular ways of viewing the world, the forecaster can assess the future only if he can foresee changes in general attitudes and responses. M. de Jouvenel sees one method of predicting additional changes in the exploration of the possible extensions or fresh applications of presently held norms. But such an investigation, conceptual rather than empirical, leads towards a realm of discourse which is more likely to deal in recommendations and even utopias than in bald forecasts. Such a debate on ends is a necessary part of any healthy social dialogue. For, if we are to establish social control, we must be clear about the good as well as the possible, about desirables as well as futuribles. Forecasting is not enough.

A TOUCH OF EROTOMANIA

ARMAND LANOUX: *Maupassant le bel-ami.* 460pp. Paris: Fayard. 22.80fr. HENRI COULET: *Le Roman jusqu'à la Révolution.* 560pp. 33fr. MICHEL RAIMOND: *Le Roman depuis la Révolution.* 411pp. 25fr. Paris: Armand Colin.

In a prefatory note M. Lanoux describes his life of Maupassant as an "essai de biographie totale". Without yielding to the temptation to use scabrous material for its own sake, he tells us, he wished to say everything and to withhold none of the information he possessed. It is curious to observe that in these matters the English today appear to enjoy greater freedom than their French colleagues. On two occasions the author interrupts quotations from Maupassant's verse on the ground that "the rest is unpublishable". A footnote explains that words written out in full in unpublished documents had to be represented in quotation by their first letter followed by a series of "points de suspension". These, however, are minor irritants which do not detract from the merits of the book.

M. Lanoux found that a life of Maupassant was a much more difficult proposition than his life of Zola. According to the dates at the end of the volume he began work on it in 1954, the year in which his Zola was first published, and did not finish until December, 1966. He attributes his difficulties to the differences between his subjects. In writing about Zola he had "the model as his accomplice". Zola "collaborated with great good will" in the work of his biographer. "Not Maupassant", who is described in the same note as being "l'un des écrivains français les plus secrets sous ses apparences claires et tant semblables". This accounts for his choice of titles. *Bonjour, Monsieur Zola* reflects the friendly approach to a novelist whom he found an endearing subject; *Maupassant le bel-ami* associates the writer with the protagonist of his most successful novel and all that this implies.

M. Lanoux is, of course, a distinguished novelist of the Populist School. Like his Zola though to a lesser extent, his Maupassant is a *romancée* in that scenes and conversations are occasionally reconstructed ("Il faisait doux sur Paris, ce soir-là . . . Maupassant se lève et va vers la fenêtre . . ."). The method is not to be commended, but in the present instance the point is not a major one. The biography is based on solid research and in spite of being on the long side is in the main very readable. The author enjoys giving his readers a jolt by the production of some startling piece of information or a novel theory. He was the first to suggest that Zola's death was due not to an accident but to murder engineered by his political enemies. Maupassant does not offer the same opportunities. The theory that he was the illegitimate son of Flaubert and Laure de Maupassant is not new. M. Lanoux examines it with meticulous care and objectivity, but though he has to admit that the dates are against him and that physically Guy resembled Gustave de Maupassant rather than Gustave Flaubert he is reluctant to abandon the theory completely.

The most interesting chapters are those dealing with the mysterious "Gisèle d'Estoc". We owe our knowledge of her existence to the activities of a strange character, the late Pierre Borel, author, among other books on Maupassant, of *Maupassant et l'androgyne* and *Le Vrai Maupassant*, which were published in 1944 and 1951. (Borel said that the first of these books "was never on sale to the public", but there is a copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale.) M. Lanoux describes some of his meetings with Borel at which he put a number of leading questions to which he received the most unsatisfactory and evasive answers. He also took the trouble to institute inquiries in Gisèle's native town of Nancy. Although he regards Borel as the oddest "historian" he had ever met and is convinced that he tampered with the documents—Borel took good care never to produce the originals for inspection—he comes to the conclusion that Gisèle d'Estoc was a real person with a different name and that the published accounts of her relations with Maupassant contain a substantial amount of truth. It is common knowledge that Maupassant suffered from erotomania. In Gisèle he seems to have met a fellow sufferer. M. Lanoux's story of their encounters fills in gaps in the picture even if it does not tell us anything radically new about the personality of the novelist.

M. Lanoux believes that Maupassant will always divide the critics into two opposing camps, one friendly, the other decidedly hostile to both the man and his work. He himself clearly belongs to Maupassant's friends. He is charitable in his judgments on the man, contests the view that he possessed a superficial mind, dwells on his psychological insight and thinks very highly of the writer. His own criticism of the work, however, is rather fragmentary and disappointing; he is inclined to draw too heavily on the fiction for biographical purposes; he makes some perceptive observations on Maupassant's style, but is too indulgent to *Une Vie* and offers nothing comparable to the excellent appreciations of the best of Zola's novels in the earlier biography.

M. Coulet's book is described on the title page as the first volume of a "history of the novel in France". There is no indication that M. Raimond's is intended to be the second volume, but the titles match and he takes up the story where M. Coulet leaves off. The two volumes together provide a bulky though solid and useful account of the French novel from its origins to the "new novel". M. Coulet gives us a comprehensive survey of the general development of the French novel down to the Revolution and discusses in some detail the work of the more important novelists. The section on Mme. de Lafayette is particularly good and there are perceptive studies of Marivaux, Prévost and Laclos.

M. Raimond's book is rather differently organized. He remarks that it would need several volumes to deal adequately with the nineteenth and twentieth centuries and declares that he has only attempted a "chronicle in which the main stages in the development of the novel are mapped out". In the first half of the book he employs precisely the same method as M. Coulet; the second half consists of pronouncements by the contemporaries of the novelists ranging from Mme. de Staël to Lukács and Goldmann. The result is that with the exception of Balzac the masters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries are usually given rather less space than their seventeenth and eighteenth-century predecessors. Although *Adolphe* is properly described as a "complete, artistic success" Constant gets less than two pages and Stendhal's *Armance* briefer treatment than Mme. de Lafayette's lesser writings. Nevertheless, the work as a whole possesses many of the virtues of the best French textbooks and should find a place on the shelves of university and school libraries.

ELEGANT JOTTINGS

JULIEN GRACQ: *Lettrines.* 218pp. Paris: José Corti. 15fr.

M. Gracq has written a strange hotchpotch of a book, really more of a notebook; an amorphous collection of carefully written jottings. *Lettrines* (a *lettrine* is an ornamental initial letter) gives us his opinions on books he has read and places he has visited, it contains occasional aphorisms and anecdotes, it includes evocative descriptive passages which might possibly be destined for a future novel, but it has none of the interest of a diary because it tells us next to nothing about the author. Here and there it refers briefly and uninformatively to his previous books, but all it tells us about M. Gracq himself is that he was a boarder at the lycée in Nantes in 1932, that he has a sister and a female cousin, that he was posted to Girardmer (near Dunkirk) on May 24, 1940; that he is a teacher and also gives lectures, that he once wrote a play that the critics tore to pieces, and that whereas he never forgets a landscape, he is not very good at noticing people's faces.

M. Gracq is by nature and inclination a reticent man, to be admired for the integrity and individuality which make him such. He teaches (history) at a Paris lycée under his own name (which is not Gracq), he keeps away from literary circles, he rarely, and grudgingly, gives interviews. But it is paradoxical for a writer to publish his personal opinions—and this is not a book of essays—yet refuse to share some measure of his personal feelings with the reader, and there is in consequence something dry and disembodied about the book as a whole. It is hard, for instance, to be interested in a detailed description of a woman who has a face like a nun when she is only referred to as D.A. and the person has no connexion with anything else in the book. This intentional lack of construction is frustrating, as is the lack of chronology. Much of *Lettrines* is like intelligent conversation at its best: civilized, erudite, elegant and thought-provoking. (But, oh for an occasional touch of humour.) Much of it is meaningless though, to anyone who knows nothing of M. Gracq's previous literary history. He tells us how he came to write *L'Littérature à l'estomac*, dashing it off without either describing it or explaining it. It was in fact written in 1950, and is a diatribe against literary ad-men and directors of public "taste", with some nasty remarks about French literary prizes thrown in for good measure. But all we learn about it from *Lettrines* is that it sprang, fully armed, "tout d'un trait", from the writer's pen, as a furious reaction against some critics of a play that "je fis jouer il y a une quinzaine d'années". And here, again, we surely need to know that the play was *Le Roi pêcheur*, M. Gracq's own variation on the theme of the (non-holy) grail, which is an important leitmotif in all his work. And that, though the general critical opinion was indeed frosty, M. Robert Kanters called it "une des rares belles oeuvres de notre théâtre". It is a moot point whether these laconic references will interest M. Gracq's new readers enough to make them want to discover what the row was all about, or irritate them into stubborn perseverance in their ignorance.

But M. Gracq has always been a take-me-or-leave-me writer — and why not? In a 1951 interview he said he wrote "pour me délivrer de . . . visions, paysages. . .". It is hard not to wonder, though, whether the mere act of writing brings this deliverance, or whether it does to some extent depend on the sympathetic reader.

Of *Le Rivage des Syrtes*, M. Gracq's best-known novel, *Lettrines* only accords us a glancing mention. But it was the year after M. Gracq, in *La Littérature à l'estomac*, had attacked the ballyhoo attached to French literary prizes that the Académie Goncourt counter-attacked by awarding its own annual prize to the novel. Whereupon M. Gracq became the only author to refuse the Prix Goncourt in the forty-nine years of its existence: "C'est une question d'honnêteté toute simple." (It is strange that this refused Prix Goncourt should be the only one of M. Gracq's four novels not to have been translated into English.)

The passage in *Lettrines* where M. Gracq mentions *Le Rivage des Syrtes* is one in which he makes the interesting suggestion that, instead of tracing the history of a particular novel, critics should rather seek in it the book it might have become, had the author not chosen otherwise. Perhaps that is what we should do with *Lettrines*. But what if we would have preferred it to be the book it might have been?

ISLANDS, STORM AND STRESS

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD GRAF ZU STOLBERG: *Die Insel.* Faksimiledruck nach der Ausgabe von 1788. Mit einem Nachwort von Siegfried Sudhof. 250pp. Heidelberg: Lambert Schneider. DM.10.80.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN KLINGER: *Plimplamplasko: Der hohe Geist.* Faksimiledruck nach der Ausgabe von 1780. Mit einem Nachwort von Peter Pfaff. 151pp. Heidelberg: Lambert Schneider. DM.8.50.

Both these volumes are of great historical interest. Count Stolberg's *Die Insel* is one of a number of German island-dreams which followed in the wake of Schnabel's *Insel Felsenburg* (1731); but it is a dream at one further remove. It presents us with a group of well-read, well-born and sensitive young Germans who have met, towards the end of the eighteenth century, on an island of the Swabian Danube, there to talk about an imaginary desert-island on which they might found an ideal republic. From their conversation emerges the ideal of an agrarian and patriarchal state, like that of Father Abraham: no money is to be used, there will be no trade, social inequalities will lead to no social injustice, men will live close to nature and defend their way of life against attack like the valiant Swiss. They will even leave their German language and literature at home and speak such Italian as they know—this imperfect Italian will then evolve into a new and beautiful medium of expression.

Yet all their talk about an imaginary island-home of the future has a rueful undertone. The author, his characters, and the reader all know that their utopia will remain for ever in the mind. To describe this rueful state Count Stolberg coins the memorable term *Inselweh*; and he makes one of his characters say outright that besides such utopian visions men of his time have only the works of the great masters of literature—Homer, Macpherson's *Ossian*, Shakespeare, Milton, Klopstock—to make life bearable. These literary allegiances (*Ossian* between Homer and Shakespeare !), the pervading tone of mild sensibility (there are floods of "sweet tears"), images of a prison transformed into a temple of the muses, complaints of too much knowledge and experience crowding in on men not prepared for them, anti-mercantile prejudices, dreams of Italy and utopian islands, endeavours to make words reach out beyond nature to the inexpressible and ineffable—all these make Stolberg's *Die Insel* a fascinating document of eighteenth-century taste, for whose reissue we can only be grateful.

Where Stolberg clearly represents the German *Empfindsamkeit* in the wake of Klopstock, Klinger belongs—as every history of German literature will tell us—to a stormy pre-Romanticism which is generally labelled *Sturm und Drang*. The very name *Sturm und Drang* is derived from the title of one of Klinger's plays. By 1780, however, when his satire *Plimplamplasko* was published, Klinger had come to see the weakness that lay below the show of originality and strength made by such typical (if unproductive) "Storm and Stress" figures as Christoph Kaufmann. He had begun to write *Plimplamplasko* in a rough pastiche of sixteenth-century German, with two collaborators; but he soon took sole charge of it, and used it to present his changed views, not only of figures like Kaufmann and "Maler" Müller, but also of his own younger self. The eponymous hero is an epitome of the *Kraftkerl*, the "genius" of action beloved of "Storm and Stress" writers, whose coarseness and brutality are mistaken for talent and strength. He and the reader are led to realize, however, that the anti-Enlightenment motto "Strength, not Light" can lead only into the mire; and the book ends with the proclamation of those very bourgeois ideals against which the *Sturm und Drang* had so violently revolted: ideals of industry, diligence, order, a measured joy, and good sense.

Both texts are attractively and readably presented in facsimile, and their flexible binding is strong enough to withstand repeated readings. Both have informative postscripts by modern scholars as well as brief bibliographies; and though non-specialists will regret the absence of explanatory notes and glosses, we can all feel ourselves well served by this useful and inexpensive series.

Among the latest editions in the well-produced Garnier-Flammarion series of paperbacks, distributed by George Harrap, London, are: Stendhal's *Armance* (192 pages, 5s.); Theophile Gautier's *Le Capitaine Fracasse* (506 pages, 7s. 6d.); *Histoire du Chevalier des grieux et de Manon Lescaut* by Prévost (188 pages, 5s.); Diderot's *Le Neveu de Rameau* (187 pages, 5s.); Balzac's *Pierrette* (250 pages, 5s.); *Jocelyn* (250 pages, 5s.); Eugène Fromentin's *Dominique* (245 pages, 5s.) and Dumas's *Les Trois mousquetaires* (633 pages, 10s. 6d.).

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WHO'S HO

HO CHI MINH has been President of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam since 1945, which must be getting on for a world record. Aged seventy-seven, he has had an astonishingly varied career, and there can be few places in the world where his name is unknown. Yet he remains a shadowy figure.

Ho himself has deliberately cultivated a certain mystery about his person, as he frankly declared in a talk with the late Bernard Fall in 1962: "I'm an old man, a very old man. An old man likes to have a little air of mystery about himself." But Ho's reticence is no excuse for the extraordinary lack of published material on him in the west. This lack has now been remedied by two well-known French writers on Indo-China, Jean Lacouture and Bernard Fall.

Bernard Fall set himself much the simpler task—to bring together a representative collection of Ho's writings. Although these writings appeared in many countries, and under many different names, they had already been brought together, with explanatory notes, in a four-volume *Selected Works of Ho Chi Minh* published in Hanoi between 1960 and 1962. Although he included some items not in the Hanoi volumes, Fall relied on them for most of his material. He added some further short explanatory footnotes, though one could wish that he had added more; and he also, maddeningly, omitted some of the original notes.

As Fall himself said in his introduction—written only a few weeks before he was killed by a Vietcong land-mine—Ho's writing is not great literature. There is nothing in this book that is personal, or subtle; there are no flashes of insight. But there is a remarkable consistency of purpose for so long and varied a career, and we can be grateful that at long last some of Ho's writings are generally available in this country.

Much of Ho's writing consists of polemics against those who use coloured people and treat them as mere things. He describes concrete cases of brutality against Negroes in the United States and against Vietnamese in his own country. It is a pity that Fall nowhere examined the extent to which Ho's description may have been exaggerated for propaganda purposes. Certainly Ho repeatedly over-emphasized the role of coloured troops used by the French in the Ruhr occupation in 1923.

Ho's writing cannot properly be assessed except against a background of his life history—which Fall outlined all too briefly in his introduction to *Ho Chi Minh on Revolution*. Jean Lacouture's biography, *Hồ Chí Minh*, fills the gap admirably. Any biographer of Ho faces formidable problems, for Ho has operated under at least twenty pseudonyms (of which Ho Chi Minh itself is one, first used in 1942), and in many long periods in Vietnam and abroad has lived the life of the clandestine conspirator. From M. Lacouture's biography there is not a great deal to be learnt about Ho's personal life, if indeed he has ever had time for one. But as a political biography it is a remarkable achievement. M. Lacouture has maintained critical balance as well as sympathy towards his subject, and he does not play down the shadier episodes in Ho's career—his ruthless attitude to political opponents, or the mistakes committed by his government in the North Vietnamese land reform programme of 1953-55.

In the context of the Vietnam war the question has very properly been raised whether Ho is a Communist first and a nationalist second, or vice versa. Is the United States fighting armed aggression by world Communism, or a nationalist revolution with Communist overtones? The question of the relationship between nationalism and Communism is the key to any understanding of Ho's career.

It is Ho's unique achievement that the question is asked at all. In every other country of South-east Asia nationalism has proved a far more powerful force than Communism, and Communist insurgencies have been checked in Malaya, in Burma, in Cambodia and the Philippines. Only in Vietnam has some kind of balance—and it is an incomplete and uneasy one—been maintained between Communists and nationalists. This is perhaps partly due to the presence of a vast Communist country on North Vietnam's northern frontier, but the signs of Communist control of the Vietnamese nationalist movement were apparent long before the Communist victory in China.

To the young Vietnamese who, in 1911, started out on what was to be thirty years of uninterrupted exile from his native land, the idea of national revolution against the French colonial regime was nothing new. There had been many insurrections in Vietnam, the latest in 1908, when he was eighteen. But his wide travels as a ship's mess boy, and his stays in England and then France (where he settled in 1917 for six years) clearly gave him a sense that Vietnam's struggle was part of a great world-wide struggle against colonialism.

Communism must have come naturally to him, not only because of French capitalism's important role in the colonization of Indo-China, and the abject part played by many from the Vietnamese upper classes in that colonization, but also because, to the young émigré nationalist from a small and oppressed country, foreign allies must have seemed essential. What better ally than a world-wide anti-colonial and anti-capitalist revolution? The October Revolution in Russia must have left an indelible impression on Ho, if only because it happened at all and proved that vast changes in the world power constellation were possible.

Both the books under review contain valuable material on this early period of Ho's life. Although Fall's book contains nothing written by Ho before 1920, Ho's 1960 article "The Path which Led Me to Leninism" provides a key to his thinking in those crucial six years in France.

> At that time I supported the October Revolution only instinctively, not yet grasping all its historical importance... The reason for my joining the French Socialist Party was that these "ladies and gentlemen"—as I called my comrades at that moment—had shown their sympathy toward me, toward the struggle of the oppressed peoples.

Ho's fidelity to Communism was of an unusual character, and demonstrated clearly that his first concern remained the anti-colonial revolution in Vietnam. He was outspokenly critical of Communist parties which did not pull their weight in the anti-colonial struggle, and his report at the fifth congress of the Comintern, held in 1924 (after he had moved from Paris to Moscow) is a particularly scathing indictment: Ho never showed much interest in Marxist theory, a fact which goes some way to explain North Vietnam's continuing refusal to take sides in the Sino-Soviet conflict.

Much has been made, and rightly so, of Ho's independence of international Communism. In his brilliant study published last year, *Soviet Strategies in South-East Asia*, Charles B. McLane has demonstrated how spasmodic, haphazard and unsuccessful were the activities in South-east Asia of the Comintern and its postwar successor, the Cominform. Ho Chi Minh's most brilliant move—the 1945 August Revolution in Vietnam, in which he took advantage of a power vacuum to seize the whole country for a brief period—appears to have been all his own work.

Ho's independence should not, however, be exaggerated. As M. Lacouture points out, Ho was in Russia from 1934 to 1938, at the time of Stalin's purges. Yet he appears never to have mentioned these purges, still less to have criticized them. Fall's volume contains none of Ho's writings from this period a regrettable omission. But it does contain his 1951 "Political Report" in which Ho maintains the farcically simplified and rationalized Soviet view of the Second World War.

One of Ho's most important contributions to the Vietnamese revolution was unquestionably his emphasis on sound organization. His recognition by the Comintern undoubtedly gave him a certain authority, enabling him to weld together disparate nationalist and Communist elements into a single body which alone could be effective when the time for action came. Ho's organizational achievements in founding the Revolutionary Youth Association (1925), the Indochinese Communist Party (1930), and the Vietminh (1941) were remarkable enough. Even more astonishing was the way he captured control of a rival of the Vietminh, the Dong Minh Hoi, after his release from prison in China in 1943. Why his nationalist Chinese captors let Ho get away with this is one of the mysteries of Ho's life still unexplained in M. Lacouture's book.

Ho's organizational success was the result, it would appear, of a combination of good luck, good judgment, and ruthlessness. He was perhaps lucky that the French in 1930 eliminated a large part of the nationalist leadership which might have prevented Ho's own organizations from gaining popular support. He was extraordinarily skilful in maintaining unity among his very diverse colleagues, and his dissolution of the Communist Party in November, 1945, so as to destroy "all misunderstandings . . . which can hinder the liberation of our country" was an astute and successful move, enabling the more recently formed Vietminh to attract much more widespread support. But, as M. Lacouture shows, ruthlessness was also a part of Ho's make-up. Many of his nationalist and Trotskyist opponents were assassinated. After one such assassination, of Ta Thu Thau in 1946, Ho made the terrifying remark recorded in M. Lacouture's book: "He was a great patriot, and we mourn him. . . All those who do not follow the line laid down by me will be smashed."

Both Fall and M. Lacouture point out the similarities between Ho and Gandhi, and there are some. Ho and Gandhi could both admit a mistake—a difficult thing for anyone to do, and especially a political. Both were men of relatively austere tastes and ways of life. Both avoided identifying with or copying their oppressors: Ho called his journal founded in 1922 *Le Paria*, the outcast; Gandhi called his weekly *Harijan*, the word he used for Untouchables. Yet there are vast differences between Ho and Gandhi. Ho's ruthlessness towards his political opponents, and his consistent advocacy of violence are the most striking.

Ho indeed seems never to have been very interested in India, wrote very little about it, and only slightly more than the occasional references in Fall's edition of his writings indicate and he never attempted to employ in Vietnam the non-violent methods of struggle organized by Gandhi in India. Yet his advocacy of violence was never completely incriminate. Both these men strongly suggest that he could make a genuine and prolonged attempt to negotiate independence with the French in 1945, and was prepared to make major concessions. He was not also successful in controlling the extremists on his own side from attacking Frenchmen, but he does appear to have tried a policy of moderation. The French were not interested, and their insistence on regaining control of Indo-China after the Second World War must rank as one of the greatest and most costly blunders of the postwar period.

The war against the French between 1946 and 1954, like the present resistance against American bombing of North Vietnam, naturally helped Ho to consolidate his position. This has been argued by Bernard Fall elsewhere, and is argued by M. Lacouture in his present work; and certainly Ho Chi Minh's position in North Vietnam today seems politically unassailable. Nationalism and communism focus in his person.

Both Fall and M. Lacouture have a clear didactic purpose in their books under review. They argue that Ho Chi Minh is not a mere puppet of Russia or China, and that even at this late date a settlement with Ho is possible. But, as the last part of M. Lacouture's book suggests, the problem now is that the South Vietnamese National Liberation Front would need to play a full part in peace negotiations—a condition the United States is not prepared to accept openly. The deadlock between the Vietnamese Communism and western anti-Communism seems complete. These books may aid our understanding a little, for the way in which Communism and nationalism have become entwined in Vietnam is one of the keys to the whole problem.

Ho Chi Minh On Revolution. Selected Writings, 1920-66. Edited and with an introduction by Bernard B. Fall. 389pp. Pall Mall Press. £2 10s.

JEAN LACOUTURE: *Hồ Chí Minh*: 256pp: Paris: Le Seuil. 6fr.

Self-portrait

Skinny as a stick. His mug bristles.
Three days and nights my cot bore his weight.
A rust-iron shadow hugs the wall.
The puffed lips smoke, catch fire.

"Dear Russian Poesy", he croaks, "how d'you do!
Would you prefer a knife, or a .22?
Aren't you a genius? Then let the tumult pass,
Or play the cynic and recant.
Why not lick the front page of the Gazette and in a wink
Roll your own confession like a cigarette?"

Why does he embrace you in front of me?
Why does he try on my scarf?
Why does he squint from behind my butt?
Hands off!
S.O.S.

ANDREI VOZNESENSKY
Translated by Stanley Kunitz

Note: This poem was written in 1963, when Voznesensky was under strong pressure from Khrushchev to confess his "errors".

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SMALL PRINT

Three years since the first of our small avant-garde numbers discussed the little magazines issuing from what was there termed "the mimeograph revolution": the practice, throughout the United States and much of western Europe, of producing cheap small-circulation publications on an ordinary office duplicator. Also at that time an article by Mr. C. I. Duncan advised would-be editors of the much greater resources provided by the electric typewriter and the small offset machine. Since then the whole semi-submerged world of such booklets and periodicals has been extending, overhauling and taking stock of itself in a way that has scarcely been noticed.

The main problem for those involved in it is still information; even the best of its publications may not start to get known until funds and energies have almost run out, while the editors themselves are often ignorant of new equipment and methods which would allow them to cut costs and/or produce a more professional-looking job. One useful first step was the institution two years ago of an annual *Directory of Little Magazines*, published by Dust Books, Box 123, El Cerrito, California, and distributed here by Compendium Press, 4 Hornby Street, Bury, Lancs. This has now been joined by a quarterly *Small Press Review* (available from the same sources at 5s or $1.00 an issue) whose first number appeared in the spring.

Small Press Review includes a good measure of newsy chat about American small presses and their publications, of a kind similar to that in larger book trade journals but dealing with phenomena like the Whiskey Rebellion Press or Dr. Timothy Leary's forthcoming *Psychedelic Prayers*. It publishes a regular book list (by title) as a "Quarterly Record of Small Press Activity", also a list of the magazines supplementary to the directory. English editors seem to be slow in filling the questionnaires sent them by Mr. Cavan McCarthy, who is running the European end of the enterprise, and as a result there are many gaps in the list. New titles come across the Atlantic include such intriguing items as *Turnabout*, a Magazine of Transvestism (New York), the *New Age Intellectual Gazetteer* (New York, described as "Voice of New Right Underground") and a Cleveland magazine called *Free Love Periodically*.

Some of this, obviously, totters over the edge of the absurd, so that when the editor, Mr. Len Fulton, speaks of the little magazines as "a giant coming against the first technological octopus" it is difficult not to reach for a pinch of salt. Maybe it would be better if the compilers paid more attention to the racial / political background, which seems surprisingly neglected, and less to the small narcotic. None the less the field is still an important one, and there is clearly both something to be said in the decision of University Microfilms Library to start collecting the little magazines, and something to be gained from Mr. Dick Higgins's suggestion in the *Small Press Review* that there ought to be a service distributing organizations for them. For few achieve a circulation of more than 500, and many of those copies must go to other small magazines. Admittedly there are now to be grants from the National Endowment for the Arts and also an annual levy drawn from them, for the National Foundation on the death-rattle of a dying civilization; but it is often precisely in their periods of decay that civilizations—and some individuals—produce their finest literature and art. It is significant that he omits to say anything about musicians in his diatribe; during the last half-century composers and performers have flourished and developed so as to be the envy of the posterity he is so concerned about. And who are this posterity but another list of us? Interest to those who follow is not the only criterion of significance in art. The Forster, Joyce, Picasso, Muggeridge derides have played their vital parts in initiating and accelerating change, as well as portraying it superbly for their contemporaries. What values "posterity" may come to enjoy will be the result of their influence.

DAVID LE VAY.
Old Buckhurst South, Withyham, near Hartfield, Sussex.

Sir,—Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge may be right in describing T. S. Eliot as the death rattle in the throat of a dying civilization. But what a death rattle, and what a throat.

Some people might think, however, that the description better fitted Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge.

In any case, I am reasonably sure of one thing—that Eliot might have agreed with him. And I am wholly sure of another thing—that Eliot would have appreciated the jester's joke, his wit, his turn of phrase, and considered whether it were true or merely a facile jest. That's the kind of man he was.

TOM SCOTT.
12 St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh.

THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

Sir,—I am sorry I accused Mr. Alvarez in your "Crosscurrents" issue of accusing himself of an "explosive" instead of an "inflammatory" preface. As sensitivity sets in I have noticed my typewriter—a shop-soiled model bought cheap in Boston in 1927—has become increasingly prone to such *lapsus linguae*.

I am grateful too to Mr. Stanley Williams (August 3) for his corrections, and in a sense I agree with him that my article ought to have described the ways in which the language of twentieth-century poetry is related to recent "activities in the field of linguistics". My difficulty was that I couldn't find one bears any significant relationship to the other—in spite of some gropings in this area by the professional linguists. Perhaps I might have dug up the tracts of Bridges's Society for Pure English, to which Robert Graves once contributed a spirited plea on behalf of what would now be called polysemy?

Mr. Williams does not tell me what group-label we should now affix to post-Georgian English poetry. Apparently it does not matter. But such labels as Augustan and Romantic have provided crucial points of critical departure for the examination of these earlier poetic modes, and I am entitled to suspect that our recent habit of calling contemporary poetry "modern" may prove to have similar uses. Poems that are "modern" reflect directly the surface of contemporary society—and in so far as they do that today they are necessarily to some degree anti-Romantic, however we decide to define Romanticism. Or so I should have thought in my simple "donnish" way (the offensive epithet is Mr. Williams's).

F. W. BATESON.
Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

A BRITISH NATIONAL LIBRARY

Sir,—With reference to the lending article on the Parry Report in your issue of June 15, you may be interested to know the views of the National Central Library regarding the proposal to establish a British National Library which would incorporate the Library Departments of the British Museum, and which would *inter alia* undertake the responsibility for the organization of loans, a task which is at present carried out by the National Central Library.

The National Central Library welcomes in principle the Parry Committee's recommendation that there should be a British National Library. This should be, however; a fourfold organization: or consortium of four national libraries; a reference and a lending library for the humanities, and a reference and a lending library for the sciences. These four libraries need not be under a single administration, though their policies should be closely co-ordinated. The National Central Library considers that it should undertake (with adequate resources) the lending role in the humanities. It believes that there are advantages in its remaining independent as is proposed by the Parry Committee in respect of the National Lending Library for Science and Technology. It is felt nevertheless that the National Central Library in order to carry out its lending role in the humanities and social sciences needs to have a close policy relationship with the British Museum. The services of the two libraries should be interdependent and their resources exploited jointly rather than separately. The suggestion that the British Museum should acquire duplicate copies of certain works for loan to other libraries arises no doubt from the difficulty of using the same book-stock for reference and for loan purposes. The National Central Library feels, however, that a convincing case has not been made why it should not continue to acquire such copies for loan to other libraries. From the demand and from information recorded over a long period of years, the Library is alone in a position to determine which items are needed.

Other points on which the Library would like to comment are the urgency of providing more financial support to enable improvements in the present lending arrangements to be carried out as a matter of urgency; notably, the collection of literature for loan by the National Central Library should be vigorously pursued and the catalogues improved in their coverage and efficiency the proposal for an independent examination of the catalogues is welcomed. The weaknesses in the present system stem entirely from financial limitations; even now it compares not unfavourably with what exists in other countries.

As regards the allocation of funds for these and other purposes connected with library cooperation and the improvement of library and bibliographical services, the National Central Library believes than an office is needed in the Department of Education and Science to stimulate and support such developments both in the humanistic and in the scientific fields. It also welcomes the proposal to set up a British Library Services Council to coordinate the work of the major libraries of all kinds as well as a permanent University Grants Committee Sub-Committee to advise on university libraries.

F. C. FRANCIS,
Chairman of the Board of Trustees.
B. S. PAGE,
Chairman of the Executive Committee, National Central Library.
Store Street, London, W.C.1.

POETIC JUSTICE

Sir,—It was very good to have Dr. Cooper's piece "Poetic Justice" in the "Crosscurrents" issue so soon after the Dialectics of Liberation congress. His article is unashamedly polemical, understandably enough. However, it is not entirely beside the point to regret that some of his most important statements are in danger of vitiation through lack of specificity. Surely that evocative sentence "What other poetry than that which is the significant gesture that takes a risk?" need not be so vulnerable. In its immediate context his question might be only vague generality or the merely verbal brilliance of an intellectual *agent provocateur*. The demand for greater specificity might be thought otiose—and yet this question of the *significant* gesture which takes a risk is a central one. I think that Dr. Cooper's argument moves away from this question rather than towards it. The officially deranged poets he mentions—Blake, Clare, Hölderlin, Pound, Rilke—are called upon as sensitive witnesses to the "experiential and behavioural reality of madness". I can best make my point by saying that these poets are not important because of *that*, but because they are permanent aids in the definition of "the significant gesture that takes a risk".

MARK HAWORTH-BOOTH.
165 Southwood Lane, London, N.6.

WODEHOUSOLOGY

Sir,—I wonder whether your reviewer (July 13) of Mr. Jaggard's *Wooster's World* is right to maintain that Wodehouse studies could develop into a cult like Sherlockomania and Wrong Boxolatry. And anyway should they? Conan Doyle's world is a real one and Wodehouse's is artificial, and if it enhances the reader's enjoyment of the Holmes stories to speculate on his university it seems at best only incidentally amusing to work out how near Bertie is to the Baldoon of Yarkey. Mr. Jaggard's book is entertaining as a selection from works which will hardly stand much factual exploitation. This is true despite Wodehouse's concern for plot (the latter point was noticed by Evelyn Waugh: and I bet that the author's own favourite is *The Code of the Woosters*). Wodehouse wrote a number of well-constructed novels which are just a touch trivial, and the non-*aficionado* will put these and *Joy in the Morning* or *The Code of the Woosters* in pretty much the same class. The difference may or may not be a matter of language, but in any case Wodehouse's work seems to need psychological rather than literary criticism as a means of explaining its importance. Concordances and the like on the other hand seem to point in the wrong direction.

At the same time Mr. Jaggard should not fall into the error of adding to the facts he finds, a course of action which renders any concordance unreliable. What evidence is there that Lady Malvern is a Marchioness? A Countess if ever there was one.

D. C. DAMANT.
36 Regent Street, Cambridge.

(*Other letters are on page 732*)

Letters to the Editor

PERFORMING POETS

Sir,—Perhaps by saying that he liked the metaphysical poets of the eighteenth century Malcolm Muggeridge (July 27) meant that he liked the metaphysical poets of the eighteenth century.

RICHARD PINE.
Bodiam, High Street, Petworth, Sussex.

Sir,—Mr. Muggeridge, whom I admire greatly as our leading national *farceur*, surely goes too far. It is perhaps logical enough for him to attack both the Establishment and the anti-Establishment of the literary world since, on sound Freudian theory, they may be considered the same thing. Which leaves him in the middle, with Kipling—and who else? Eliot may well have been [*sic*] the Arts and Humanities is to pay $55,000 a year. But no central body has yet helped them to get over the distribution problem, or tried to teach editors how to use the technical resources now available.

These have been revolutionized by the advance in "office" printing machinery, which few little magazines have yet really begun to exploit. Its possibilities are admirably set out in the useful new handbook by Mr. S. B. Page called *Modern Office Copying* (176pp. Deutsch. 21s.), which not only belies its title by dealing with all the more easily manageable forms of printing and reproduction but is intelligently written too. "Offices", it begins, "are places where people do things with pieces of paper." Because this is even more true of editorial offices almost everything that it has to say is relevant to the small-scale publisher. Not surprisingly it sees small offset as "the duplicating method of the moment", capable even of fine and exact colour reproduction, at a certain cost: it lists eleven firms supplying machines at between £300 and £2,000. It goes on to deal with such refinements as the optical stretching or shrinking of typewriter-set lines to achieve an evenly-justified right-hand margin, or the use of small photo-setting machines (offered by some dozen-odd manufacturers at prices ranging from £100 to £1,000) for titles and headings. It also describes the electronic stencil cutter (which three firms supply at around the £400 mark) which now permits reproduction almost comparable with silk-screen by means of the ordinary office duplicator. Either of these main techniques would make it possible for the small magazine to appear with high-quality illustrations and a text not much inferior to print. That so few manage to do so suggests that the small-press world is not only short of funds but largely ignorant how best to apply what funds it has.

Is this not a problem to which the Arts Council's Literature Panel might apply itself? A weekend course on the use of the different types of machinery, with demonstration models supplied by the manufacturers, could be rewarding for all concerned. And if it could be combined with an exhibition of small-press publications and a joint attack on the distribution problem it would be still better. For the point is that in spite of all its incidental eccentricities this is a sphere of activity well worth encouraging. It is not just that the small magazines repeatedly introduce and encourage (sometimes for long periods) writers who one day are seen to be of much wider significance, nor even that the small editor-publisher can make the sort of daring typographical experiments for which the establishment has neither the flexibility nor the time. It is above all that throughout the western world they offer one of the rare chances of getting the arts decentralized, back to a level where they can be dealt with by closely involved human beings rather than some elephantine apparatus. Whether a similar movement will ever evolve in the communist countries is another question; it depends on their governments' ability to allow greater spontaneity and local initiative. At present they seem to have nothing comparable.

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FORMAL FEELINGS

JOHN FULLER: *The Tree That Walked.* 48pp. Hogarth Press. 15s.
GEOFFREY GRIGSON: *A Skull in Salop* and other poems. 61pp. Macmillan. 21s.
MATTHEW MEAD: *Identities* and other poems. 100pp. Rapp and Carroll. 21s.
DESMOND O'GRADY: *The Dark Edge of Europe.* 85pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.

A few years ago, in a series in *The Times* called "Pleasure in Reading", John Fuller ended his essay on his enthusiasms in literature with the words: "For me, form can be the be-all-and-end-all of art (remote, or trivial, perhaps, but always interesting). Feeling never." Mr. Fuller's first book, *Fairground Music*, showed a precocious elegance of form and wit, a sprightly sophistication in which one could see the varied influence of Wallace Stevens, the later Auden, and, to be blunt, the poet's father, Roy Fuller. It seemed that several of the poems, such as "Fairy Tale" and "The Ballad of Lord Timbal", had been written in Mr. Fuller's teens, yet there was nothing gauche, half-baked, or uncertain in the whole book. What it lacked was, precisely, feeling.

If one wanted to make a damaging attack on Mr. Fuller, one could say that there are enough glib, smart verses in his new book to sink anyone with less sheer formal talent: "An Exchange Between the Fingers and the Toes", "Revolution", "The Safety-Valve", "The Thousand and One Nights", and a few others. That rather dashing cleverness, so nimble that the eye can hardly stay still long enough to take it in—is it really anything more than *Oxford Poetry* of the late 1950s served up warm? But Mr. Fuller could survive such an attack, because *The Tree That Walked* contains a range of work which shows that his talent is altogether more solid, less modish. Nothing here is less than well made, and at a time when the well-made poem is often greeted with contempt this is heartening. Mr. Fuller has a true poet's primal delight in language, in words, so that his vocabulary is wide and curious without being barbarously onomatopoeic or stuffed with neologisms; there are none of Auden's exotic verbal blooms here, though clearly Auden is a poet who has meant a great deal to Mr. Fuller. What Mr. Fuller has developed is a voice and an intelligence that carry great authority; a phrase-making eloquence that works itself into the memory ("Everywhere sap stiffens into bark/And I am sick for something to believe"); an assured command of cadences. And the most striking poems here, such as "Alive and Dead", "Green Fingers", "Now and Then", and "Goodbye to the Garden", are much more the products of feeling than Mr. Fuller's remarks in *The Times* would have led one to believe: their controlled movement does not disguise a disturbance that is never self-indulgent or appealingly winsome. One would like to see Mr. Fuller extending this territory, and also a greater willingness to be open to clarity. The ambitious sequence of ten quatorzains, "Out of the Wood", has the bewildering and fogging effect of being convincingly lucid at any single point, but taken poem by poem or as a whole it seems to add up to nothing but disjunction and confusion. And one would like to see Mr. Fuller trusting feeling a bit more and the skill of the equilibrist a bit less.

Although Mr. Grigson is very ready to be rough about reviewers ("A *donnée*, so the smart reviewers say"), it is hard for a reviewer not to point out that most of the poems in *A Skull in Salop* are in fact exactly that—*données*, given lines, suddenly glimpsed juxtapositions, epiphanies. The title-poem, for example, is an observation about the poet relieving himself in a churchyard, and reaching out abstractedly to find his hand touching a skull: a fortuitous happening, commemorated, therefore memorable. Others are perceptions, of nature and of the senses, and of the closeness or distance between the two, such as "Wild Doves Arriving, and Absorbed in Hedges". Quirky Mr. Grigson certainly is (and "gay, sad, acid", to quote the blurb, the author of which it isn't difficult to guess): he enjoys oddments and oddities, and he seems to feel and think in short, sharp bursts, so that his poems are moments of delight and of irritation, little scraps and brief petulances. His touch is surer with objects and creatures than it is with people, even in the love poems: his admiration for Louis MacNeice, for example, which is celebrated in two poems here, has to survive some repetition of detail (as well as a misquotation) because of Mr. Grigson's apparent conviction that MacNeice's pet borzoi is a fit image for MacNeice himself—a good *donnée* once, maybe, but not twice. With Mr. Grigson, people tend to become "types" ("Journalist-dons, hair-oiled ad-men") or emblems; for himself

We claim
at least an unconformity.

This prickly refusal to conform—an admirable part of Mr. Grigson's critical talent—becomes unhelpful and off-putting in the poems. Botanizing, bird watching, brooding, Mr. Grigson is an odd, unplaceable, not quite satisfying poet.

Mr. Mead writes a sort of eclectic Common Market poetry, with supporting echoes of Pound and later Americans: one feels at times that one is reading the less successful bits in an anthology of modern German poetry, while elsewhere ("Render unto Ezra") the guide-lines are so solid that one trips over them. Mr. O'Grady, who has a softer, looser voice, has also been praised by Ezra Pound; and, like Mr. Grigson, though without Mr. Grigson's talent, he forestalls criticism by knocking the reviewer's legs from under him:

I would like to turn to you now in all sincerity—
Regardless of what sexless critic's frozen eye
May cast aspersion on what small conspiracy
May privately exist between us . . .
Clearly, sexless critics with frozen eyes should avoid Mr. O'Grady.

ITALIAN LAWRENCE

MARY CORSANI: *D. H. Lawrence e l'Italia.* 147pp. Milan: U. Mursia. L.1,800.

Miss Corsani has written a useful and necessary book. Italy was the country in which D. H. Lawrence was happiest and where he had his greatest creative periods. This has always been recognized, but here we have the first full-length study of Lawrence's experiences of Italy and the Italians. Miss Corsani leads us painstakingly through the books, poems, essays and letters which were written in or about Italy and quotes from them extensively. The quotations are in English, with an Italian translation following immediately after, which makes the book rather heavy reading. Lawrence's attitudes, opinions and philosophical utterances are discussed at length, at too great length perhaps, because people do not, or should not, read *Twilight in Italy* and *Sea in Sardinia* for Lawrence's views on civilization, sex and truth. We should look for his "painter's eye" for the portraits of peasants, the penetrating descriptions of such events as the travelling company performing *Hamlet* and the Procession of St. Anthony of Padua at Tonara, for the exquisite poetic delineations of spring flowers, birds, beasts, reptiles and insects and for the great statement about Italy in *Sea and Sardinia* which starts, "One begins to realize how old the real Italy is, how man-gripped and how withered".

This perception of an antique world, battered by centuries of misery and insecurity and producing a sense of fatalism and impotence in its peasant population, was strong in Lawrence, and interesting parallels in Carlo Levi's *Cristo si è fermato a Eboli* and Guiseppe di Lampedusa's *Il Gattopardo* are cited by Miss Corsani. She is inclined, however, to emphasize all the good things Lawrence wrote about Italy and to omit his rude remarks. Lawrence was easily enraged and when in 1912 the cold weather came to Italy he was "amazed and indignant". Similarly the rain in Taormina in 1920 was "persistent and stupid". After his brief love affair with Florence and his dismal sojourn at Picinisco, Lawrence began to distrust the *morbidezza* of the Italians and moved to Sicily, which he found "peaceful and still" and he liked "the strong Saracen element in the people". Gradually, however, the Sicilians, formerly greeted as the heirs of Greece, become "non-human" and it is to escape the "suave and callous demons of Sicily" that he travels to Sardinia. The Sardinians are "hardy, masculine", they are "warm and good-natured like human beings"; but when he cannot get food or accommodation they become "ignorant" and brutish. Miss Corsani not only ignores these contradictions and tirades but she even tones down the words Lawrence used. On page 66 she quotes a passage from *Aaron's Rod* which ends, "No, the Italian brutal way was better". This is translated, "Sì, il sistema primitivo degli italiani era preferibile". If Lawrence had wished to use the word "primitive" he would have done so. The word he used was "brutal".

Miss Corsani's most serious omission is the history of Lawrence's encounters with the other British people resident in Italy: Aldous and Maria Huxley, Norman Douglas, Pino Orioli (a kind of honorary Englishman), Reggie Turner, Richard Aldington, Hilda Doolittle, the Sitwells, Dorothy Yorke, Cecil Gray and Augustus John. His meetings with these people produced some of the most important episodes in Lawrence's life. Fortunately we can find a lot of them in *Aaron's Rod*, where Lawrence pillories many of the people in Italy who had helped him, in the great comic scenes at the house of Sir William Franks (Sir Walter Becker) in Novara (actually Turin) and the superbly funny passages describing James Argyle (Norman Douglas) and Algy Constable (Reggie Turner) in Florence.

The most valuable part of Miss Corsani's book is the chapter on "Lawrence e la narrativa italiana". Here she assesses Lawrence's ability as a translator of Verga and compares his literal and stilted version of *Mastro-don Gesualdo*, written in 1921-22 and full of misunderstandings of idioms, with the finished and perceptive translations of *Cavalleria rusticana* e *altre novelle* made in 1927-29. She also discusses Lawrence's critical writings on Italian writers, in particular Verga, Lasca and Grazia Deledda.

The book ends with a chapter on Lawrence and the Etruscans. *Etruscan Places* is one of the most delightful of all Lawrence's works and in it and in some of his poems he achieves an astonishing reconstruction of these smiling people, their tombs, their sculpture and their mural paintings. He envisaged them as gay, sunburnt, carefree and life-loving, "ripe with phallic knowledge". Perhaps they were. He writes, "They knew the gods in their very fingertips". They did, but not the sunny deities Lawrence imagined. As we now know, much Etruscan art was funerary and is haunted by infernal demons and the dark realm of Hades. The Etruscans were cruel too and were probably the innovators of gladiatorial contests in Italy. Eventually they became obese and lethargic and were absorbed by the Romans, whom Lawrence hated. To Lawrence the Italians were more Etruscan than Roman. The Etruscans never disappointed him, they never annoyed him, argued with him or contradicted him. They couldn't, they were dead and they wrote in a virtually undecipherable language.

Miss Corsani in her last chapter lists a number of passages from *Etruscan Places*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *The Man who Died*, showing how closely related they are. The toy which Lawrence saw in a shop-window in Volterra on Palo Sunday, a little white cock emerging from an egg, suggested the title of "The Escaped Cock—a Story of the Resurrection". In his description of the Tomb of the Lionesses at Tarquinia it appears as

the egg of resurrection, within which the germ sleeps as the soul sleeps in the tombs, before it breaks the shell and emerges again.

The "sense of touch" vouchsafed to the Etruscans and denied to Sir Clifford, is natural to Mellors. Miss Corsani fittingly closes her book with a brief commentary on *The Ship of the Dead*.

ALLEGORICAL

JOHN MACQUEEN: *Robert Henryson.* A Study of the Major Narrative Poems. 229pp. Oxford University Press. 30s.

There is little sense of purpose about Professor MacQueen's discussion of Henryson's major poems. Much of the scholarly material is admirable, but it is simply not used. The different parts of the book are linked only by the writer's affection for detail and his sometimes hobby-horsical preoccupation with allegory. After the opening chapter of more and less relevant background he turns to *Orpheus and Eurydice*, which he treats solely in terms of the *Moralitas*. In contrast to Wittig, whose views are quoted with scorn, Professor MacQueen believes the poem to be "interior allegorical drama" throughout: Orpheus from the first is Intellect, Eurydice Appetite, Aristaeus (who tries to rape Eurydice) Virtue, and so on. It is not easy to support the view that one should, or indeed could, be aware of this allegorization as one reads the main story; and at times the commentary shows evident signs of strain. Especially difficult to justify is the violent disparity between Aristaeus's habits and signification: here Professor MacQueen settles for a witty pre-Metaphysical yoking of opposites.

It is of course the *Moral Fables* that present the greatest problems for those who would reconcile Henryson the story-teller with Henryson the allegorist. In *The Cock and the Jasp*, for instance, which is of special importance as the first of the series, the *Moralitas* is so arbitrary that Professor MacQueen is forced to discard the story altogether:

As a narrative, the fable is negligible. There is no plot; the action consists of the stanza in which the cock finds the jasp, and the one in which he leaves it. The *raison d'être* of the fable is not to be found in these.

It is true that there is little action: the centre of the fable is a monologue in which the Cock decides that the jewel he has found is no use to him. He does not underrate it—he knows that it would look nice in a King's crown—but says that as he cannot eat it, he is going to go on looking for food. He is then roundly abused in the *Moralitas*, where it turns out that the jasp he has rejected was perfect prudence and knowledge "Mair excellent than ony eirthly thing". A number of biblical echoes and the low stylistic level of the Cock's speech are adduced by Professor MacQueen to make a bond between the two halves of the poem; but even if one conceded that a skilful reader might anticipate Henryson's final point of view, it would not alter the fact that the *Moralitas* destroys the pleasure that is to be got from the story itself.

The Cock's appeal as a character precisely in the common sense, one is asked to take as folly.

At one point in the book Professor MacQueen cuts the ground from under his own feet, "As a good medieval allegory", he says of *The Testament of Cresseid*, "its figurative sense is solidly based on the literal." In practice this very seldom attempts the highest level of allegory in which the two levels can be simultaneously understood, and simultaneously enjoyed. Far more commonly it tells its story straight, or with incidental moral emphasis in the form of asides, and then in the *Moralitas* puts a more or less arbitrary construction upon it. Professor MacQueen's failure to make this distinction, or decision to reject it, is typical of his markedly unevaluative approach to the poetry. His criticism of *The Testament* is at times incisive and original, but this section of the book stands very much by itself. The chapter on *Orpheus and Eurydice* is quite uncritical, and in the course of five pages devoted to the *Fables* goes conscientiously through each in turn, allegorizing here, filling in scholarly background there, but with no difference whatever between them that are very good (indeed like *The Mice, The Fox and the Wolf*) and those that are run of the mill.

For the central part of the argument Professor MacQueen has recourse to a symbolic interpretation—an approach indeed broadly similar to that put forward in these pages three years ago (*TLS*, April 9, 1964)—but not fully the poem has no *Moralitas* and the scope for allegorical interpretation is very much reduced. One could argue that like Henryson himself Professor MacQueen gives much space to the Plaint, but it is doubtful whether the parallel between Cresseid and Eurydice is rewarding as he would suggest, and this is certainly one of the weakest parts of the book. The Chronological Appendix I, which argues convincingly for a text of the *Fables* later than not, as is usual, on the Bassandyne print, but on the Bannatyne manuscript. Though belonging to the late period, this is demonstrably corrupt, and may well present a manuscript tradition going back to the early 1480s, before three of the fables in the Bassandyne print had been composed. It is to be hoped that Professor MacQueen will now proceed to edit the *Fables* from Bannatyne, pulling in the excellent background material relegated in the present book to Appendixes II and III.

ANECDOTAL

JOHN NICHOLS: *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century.* Edited by Colin Clair. 525pp. Centaur Press. £5 5s.

"Tell Mr. Nichols that I shall be glad of his correspondence, when business allows him a little remission", Dr. Johnson wrote in a letter within a few months of his death; "though to wish him less business, that I may have more pleasure, would be too selfish." Typographer and antiquary, essayist and biographer, town councillor and, last but not least, presiding for almost fifty years as "Mr. Sylvanus Urban" over what Southey termed the "exquisite inanities" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, John Nichols was indeed a busy man. Since his thirst for information and his curiosity were almost boundless, and printing was his profession, the string of biographical, anecdotical and bibliographical publications which he produced are still among the chief sources for the byways of the literature of his time.

Compilation of his *Literary Anecdotes and Illustrations of the Eighteenth Century* was encouraged by no less a figure than Gibbon, the historian, though the first of the nine volumes did not see the light of day until 1812. There is some vague affinity in the title to Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, but nothing so systematic can in fact ever have been intended. Nor indeed, for all Gibbon's flattering apostrophe as "the last of the learned printers", was Nichols a scholar in any strict sense; what makes the charm and in a way the value of this miscellany, as well as of the *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century* which succeeded it with another six volumes, was that he hardly even had time to pause and consider whether all the minutiae of minor literary figures which he had assembled or which had been communicated to him by correspondents with more learning were really worth preserving for posterity in black and white and at length. In an advertisement he described his vast work quite accurately as "a mine of literary materials whence future biographers and historians will readily and profitably collect what may suit their several purposes".

Reference to Nichols's *Anecdotes* outside one of the big public libraries has unfortunately become difficult since the whole work is virtually unobtainable. How to turn the 6,580 pages of a work of this kind into a single volume of tolerable size presented, however, an awkward problem: Mr. Clair says little more about his method of selection, or editing, than that "an attempt has been made to retain the good grain after winnowing the chaff". Wise though he may have been not to add to what Austin Dobson called "the extraordinary accumulation of the Nichols scheme of things", no attempt is made to provide an Index. As a result, the reader will rarely emerge from one of Nichols's tomes with more than a mild and rather pleasing impression of the kind of life led by the literary classes in the late eighteenth century. One will rarely emerge, that is, with at least some gem of information or entertainment to have rung in the memory. But if it were merely a question of picking the plums, I suppose, one would not have to omit the equally rich storehouse of Nichols's *Illustrations*.

CLASSICAL ROMPS

Daphnis and Chloe. Translated by Philip Sherrard. 83pp. Illustrated by Stavros Papassavas. Athens: Graphointer Publications. $10.

Translated into English verse by Beram Saklatvala. Illustrated by Charles Pierce. *Ovid on Love.* 224pp. Charles Skilton. £4 10s.

The physical appearance of both these books, paradoxically, is against them. Large format, elegant binding and printing, discreetly pastoral-erotic illustrations—all combine admirably to suggest high-class Victorian *arcana*, the kind of restricted publication which would once have been snapped up by elderly clubmen in red waistcoats, secret titillation behind the mask of outward moral respectability. But this charming market device, as it used to be; the bottom, so to speak, has dropped out of it. Contraception reared on Genet, Burroughs, Miller, and *Last Exit to Brooklyn* will find both Longus and Ovid all delight. A prolonged addiction to tabasco sauce, it is said, ruins one's taste-buds for anything more delicate.

Daphnis and Chloe could, perhaps, be knowingly advertised as the ultimate teenage romp for kinkies with a thing about virginity (no one *really* believes—do they?—in that gimmick about total sexual innocence); but the sad truth is that if it resembles any modern work of fiction in psychological tone it is *H. de Vere Stacpoole's The Blue Lagoon*. Ovid understands a slightly better chance; after all, the *Art of Love* is supposed to be a manual of seduction, and at least one of the poems in the *Amores* is spelt in its original Latin by the Loeb translator G. Showerman—always a hopeful sign.

But on investigation the supposed appropriateties turn out very much akin to the witty and fashionable drawing-room-play of Restoration comedy: mock flirtation interspersed with a little quiet adultery after lunch. *Amores 3.7*, torn from the context very limiting approach of obscurity imposed upon it by Showerman, turns out to be one that misses a great deal that would consider vital to an more than a mild and rather understanding of this tantalizing little *jeu d'esprit* about psychological.. impotence—hardly the period of human history. One may be expected to get the Charing Cross Road on quite comfortably with the author in his two stools: it is no longer a mood of trying to describe a period sense a work of reference, yet it is a transition which he has to not become something to read from cover to cover. It can, of course, still be dipped into for pleasure's sake, but it would have been wiser one will rarely emerge from one to trim and to have rung the at least some gem of information changes instead upon the tricity. But if it were merely a few simplicities of an earlier age. question of picking the plums, I to some extent the faults of Dr. omit the equally rich storehouse Nichols's book lie as much in the

The obvious candidate for private-press treatment is Martial, whose more *recherché* obscenities (some of which, it has been said, can only be reproduced adequately in Portuguese) are capable of holding their own against any modern competition. In this case the Loeb edition plays safe by employing a device the logic of which has always seemed somewhat elusive; dubious epigrams are neither turned into English nor left in Latin, but printed in *Italian*. Whether the translator supposed Italian indecencies less offensive than English ones, or the Italian mind less capable of being corrupted than its English counterpart, or an *Inglese italianato* (presumably in his capacity as *diavolo incarnato*) beyond any kind of redemption, must remain a mystery. One scholarly wag is said to have explained the device on the assumption that whatever language God spoke, it was unlikely to be that of the Vatican.

It is sad that any mildly erotic work which a publisher has taken the trouble to produce with more than average care should arouse such unworthy thoughts; but human nature, alas, remains incorrigible. Both the works under review should appeal to bibliophiles, and both have been translated in a manner which at least merits serious attention; their publishers deserve every congratulation for rendering such a disinterested service to the cause of art and scholarship. Yet the service might have been greater, and misunderstanding correspondingly reduced, had they aimed at less exotic standards of production (the sinuous, entwined nudes, satyrs, horses and goats in *Daphnis and Chloe* most often have a minimal relevance to the text), perhaps turning out the present volumes on the side as limited editions for subscribers only.

Not that either Longus or Ovid has ever gone short of translators: *Daphnis and Chloe* had already appeared in Latin, French, Italian and English before the Greek *editio princeps* came out in 1598. The most popular English version, that by Thornley (1657), sub-titled "A Most Sweet and Pleasant Pastoral Romance for Young Ladies", was subsequently revamped, errors and all, for the Loeb edition. In 1948 Mr. Jack Lindsay produced an enjoyable but somewhat slapdash version, which appeared to have benefited from Dalmeyda's excellent Budé edition (1934). Since then the text has been further revised and elucidated by Schönberger (1960).

Mr. Sherrard therefore starts with very considerable advantages over his predecessors: and no one could deny that his translation is pleasantly easy to read: relaxed, colloquial, with just the right hint of knowingness at the appropriate moment. But on internal evidence he would still appear to depend more on Thornley than (as might have been hoped) on Dalmeyda or Schönberger. Neither he nor Mr. Papassavas seems very clear, either, about the nature of a *syrinx*, or shepherd's pipe, which in the picture on page 48 is made to resemble nothing so much as a pair of compasses, with a rissole stuck on each spike. On the other hand the translation of *otides* as "buzzards" rather than "bustards" is presumably a mere slip of the pen.

Dryden once observed, in an unkind but accurate aside: "Ovid, for all his sweetness, has little variety of numbers and sound: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground". Mr. Saklatvala does nothing to mitigate this criticism: indeed, his version rather over-emphasizes Ovid's prosodic monotony. He very often, for instance, creates a conventional third-foot strong caesura where his original contrives to avoid it: "silva nemus non alta facit; tegit arbutus herbam" becomes "Woods, not too tall, make a grove; wild strawberries cover the grasses". (The gap in the line is a typographical device to indicate the caesura). But despite lumbering rhythms and an unhappy weakness for old-fashioned verbal inversions ("If you should credulous be, other women your joys will be plucking"), Mr. Saklatvala at least deserves credit for rescuing Ovid from the eternal heroic couplet, the fustian trappings of neo-Augustanism. Mr. Pierce's illustrations have a lurking comic quality which may or may not be intentional, but would certainly have amused Ovid. His schematic Rape of the Sabine Women, for instance—black Romans, white maidens—looks like a formalized hot-weather protest against the Deep South miscegenation laws.

NOT BUILT IN A DAY

IAN TRUMP: *Central and Southern Italy before Rome.* 244pp. 48 plates. A. H. MCDONALD: *Republican Rome.* 244pp. Thames and Hudson. 35s. each.

The qualities that one looks for in popular series such as the "Ancient Cities and Places" series to which these two volumes belong are authority, readability, and an instinct for what at the moment of publication are the essential facts and problems within what may be a complex and rapidly developing field of history. On each of these counts the credit accorded to Dr. Trump's study of this prehistory of peninsular Italy must be qualified. The central part of the book, covering the Neolithic, Copper and earlier Bronze Ages, though pedestrian in style, is learned and useful, and it fills a gap, but the introductory sketch of the earlier Stone Ages is so fragmentary that it would have been better omitted altogether; and the concluding sections, dealing with the late Bronze Age and the transition to the Protohistoric Iron Age cultures of central Italy, though fuller, are equally disappointing. This is the study on the shadowy fringes of prehistory history, which set the stage for the emergence of early Italy, and it is one that presents many problems both of fact and of historical method. Dr. Trump has avoided his subject with the technical viewpoint of the prehistorian or archaeologist, a valid but in this context very limiting approach that misses a great deal that the general would consider vital to an understanding of this tantalizing period of human history. One may sympathize with the author in his difficulty in trying to describe a period of rapid transition which he has to treat as it is taking recognizable shape, but it would have been wiser to trim and to have rung the changes instead upon the few simplicities of an earlier age. To some extent the faults of Dr. Trump's book lie as much in the planning as in the content. One might well have anticipated the same criticism of Dr. McDonald's *Republican Rome*. What on earth was there worth saying upon so familiar a theme within the limitations of this popular series? Dr. McDonald has confounded any such doubts by producing a book as individual as it is brilliant. He has done so by concentrating on the People rather than the Place, and upon the Romans themselves rather than upon their history as such. The city of Rome is the setting, its monuments the creation, of a people who are portrayed in every aspect of their life and thought, their religion, their political and social development, their long and painful adjustment to the facts of empire. Dr. McDonald is as much at home with the evidence of archaeology and numismatics as with the literary sources and with the country-side of Italy, and it is hard to know which to admire most, his mastery of the material, the concision of a prose in which every word is made to count, or the unobtrusive skill with which the several themes are woven together to present a picture within the context of which each in turn derives fresh perspective and meaning. The Romans, it has been remarked, *were* history. Never can this fact have been illustrated more deftly or with a more deceptive simplicity.

MONEY WORRIES

ROBERT MOSSÉ: *Les Problèmes monétaires internationaux.* 318pp. Paris: Payot. 19fr.

Professor Robert Mossé of Grenoble is the distinguished author of a number of economic studies published in one case as long ago as 1929, which in economic terms is indeed a lifetime away. He was also a leading member of the French delegation to Bretton Woods and thus contributed to the birth out of the travail of war of the International Monetary Fund. More than twenty years have now gone by and he has produced—as he is so admirably qualified to do—what can only be described as a definitive study of the developments which have led up to the financial problems that today confront the western world. Professor Mossé propounds no solutions but his sympathies, as a British reader will recognize gratefully, are a long way from the claustrophobic attitudes adopted on these matters by his government and fellow citizens.

On the popular suggestion of an increase in the gold price he comments drily:

Such proposals always find a ready audience in France, where private individuals have never ceased to own large quantities of gold and where over the last few years the Treasury has also acquired vast stocks of the metal. A rise in the price of gold, like a rise in the price of land, is good business—but only for the possessors.

On deficit financing he recognizes the difference between the deficit that arises from excessive internal consumption, which can be dealt with by fiscal means, and the deficit arising from the uncompetitive nature of industry in world markets, which can be remedied only by new long-term investment, improved technical education and the willingness to renovate and reconstruct outmoded institutions and forms of activity. Finally there can also be an actual shortage of cash reserves with which international short-term borrowing is usually able to cope. Professor Mossé is too polite to say it, but we can see that our present parlous state is due to the fact that while our malady is of the second sort we have, in seeking to heal it, made overfree use of the cures applicable to the other two.

As to plans for the future, Professor Mossé is firmly on the side of those who believe it is worth while creating institutions and trusting thereby to do something to improve the lot of man, rather than adopt the passive attitude to these matters which, rooted in nationalist feeling, is now becoming prevalent. It can be said that the postwar world was saved by two things—namely, the creation of the I.M.F. at Bretton Woods and the Marshall Plan. There is also no doubt that there are problems left that cannot be solved on the same lines. The underdeveloped nations are poorer in comparison with the western nations than they were twenty years ago, despite the great outpouring of grants in aid and free loans that they have enjoyed. The dollar shortage has come and gone without there being much alteration in the global amount of sterling debts, although the creditors are different. Professor Mossé feels that it is time to look at these matters again and that this time the plan to be concerted must include the Soviet Union and the countries of the east, who opted out of Bretton Woods. The European Payment Union was a most useful bridge on the way between the barter trading of the postwar years and the convertibility we now enjoy: can something of the sort be adopted as an instrument of world trade?

In the last resort he is sure that the experts would be able to reach workable conclusions on these matters if there were even a reasonable degree of cooperation and confidence in the political field. One can only hope that this may be achieved without the world having to go through the same ordeal as preceded and preconditioned Bretton Woods.

BANKS BALANCED

ROGER ORSINGHER: *Banks of the World.* Translated by D. S. Ault. 300pp. Macmillan. 45s.

Bankers, as a breed, may give the impression of being somewhat aloof and far removed from the competitive world most of us other mortals live in. But when it comes to establishing the oldest, the biggest and the best banks, they can get as competitive as any of us. The City of London may readily assume (some say rightly) that it has the best banks in the world. But after Mr. Roger Orsingher's book, City bankers are unlikely to claim to have either the oldest or the biggest. As he brings out so clearly and well, from the proliferation of tables as well as his entertaining commentaries, while the Americans dominate the big league, the Italians dominate the historical one.

Naples had its Banco di Napoli more than a century and a half before London had its Bank of England. And before the end of the sixteenth century Turin too had established its Istituto Bancario San Paolo di Torino. These were followed by the Banco di Santo Spirito (in Rome) and the Monte dei Paschi di Siena well before Barclays Bank, London's oldest surviving bank, appeared on the European banking scene. And if London is still not convinced it is among the financial upstarts, the fact that the heart of its money market is in *Lombard* Street ought to be clinching proof of the Italian influence.

As for the biggest, the top four banks in the world are American. In fact Mr. Orsingher's book should now stop most of the competitive arguments. He has set out, in a remarkable way, all that needs to be known about banks round the world, from the running of private deposit accounts in ancient Babylon to the structure of banking behind the Iron Curtain. It is a book to be dipped into and, like most books of record, it handsomely repays the haphazard browse. But it will have to be kept up to date. Banking competition will insist on it. Today's runner-up may be tomorrow's winner.

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WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

ROBERT MUNTER: *The History of The Irish Newspaper, 1685-1760.* 217pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.

The early Irish newspaper is not well known to the average English scholar, who may have met with odd numbers of *Pue's Occurrences* or *Faulkner's Dublin Journal* in the British Museum files, but who must go to the Dublin Municipal Library or the National Library of Ireland if he wishes to read consecutively. Up till now the main sources of information on the early Irish press have been J. T. Gilbert's *History of the City of Dublin* (1861), R. R. Madden's *Irish Periodical Literature* (1867), which Dr. Munter castigates severely, the various writings of E. R. McDix in the early years of this century, and Dr. Munter's own *Handlist of Irish Newspapers, 1685-1750*, published in 1960. His new account is therefore to be welcomed, and it is clear that it is based on a thorough investigation of contemporary sources, and not merely the newspapers themselves, but guild records, parish registers, wills, parliamentary papers and much else. A great deal of the information he brings forward is new and interesting; the author has clearly dwelt among the untrodden ways.

But if he has left no stone unturned, he has also left his stones lying about in considerable disorder: the factual content of this book is a good deal more impressive than its organization. One gets the impression that the individual chapters were written at long intervals, and that the occasional repetition, and the more frequent turning back for a further discussion of some topic already introduced at an earlier stage, are due to a failure to plan the book satisfactorily and to develop a progressive argument. If the reader takes enough trouble he can construct his own picture of how the Irish press developed from its first tentative beginnings in 1660 to the comparative proliferation of the 1720s, with the first Dublin daily appearing in 1736, and the earliest provincial newspapers, with a few exceptions, dating from the same decade. The author's treatment of his subject is roughly chronological in Chapters I and VII, but for the rest the reader has to pick up his information about the newspapers where he can find it, and separate it from a mass of detail—interesting but peripheral—about the Dublin Stationers' Guild, typography, the importation of paper, the various sidelines of eighteenth-century stationers from printing funeral tickets to holding book auctions, selling drugs, and so forth.

Dr. Munter, it would seem, never quite decided what sort of book he wanted to write, and what of all he knows he should leave out; the newspaper is seen in the wider context of the printing trade, and the economic and political background often becomes the foreground. The book he has written falls between half a dozen stools. Even when he is actually dealing with the newspapers he often fails to let us know whether he is talking about a weekly or a twice-weekly journal, and it is rarely clear how many newspapers were appearing at any given period. Nor, except occasionally—as when he notes that Irish advertising was not checked by the burdensome taxation imposed on English newspapers—does Dr. Munter sufficiently relate Irish developments to those previously reached in England. (His statement that "By the beginning of the eighteenth century London had twenty-six flourishing weeklies, Dublin had but one" hardly indicates familiarity with the English newspaper press.) The first sentence of the preface prepares us for something that we never really get. "There is little of eighteenth-century Irish life", Dr. Munter tells us, "upon which the newspaper does not make novel and fascinating comment." But when we look in Dr. Munter's book for examples of this novel and fascinating comment we find little to reward our curiosity. We ask for bread, and are given a stone, or at best a few crusts. In general the author is at his best when he is dealing with the economic aspects of his subject, such as printing costs, revenue, circulation and distribution; but we need to be told more clearly what was happening before we are told why it was happening. If Dr. Munter had been content to be more descriptive and to dig less deep for his foundations, he would have written a more interesting book.

SECTS AND SECULARISM

DAVID MARTIN: *A Sociology of English Religion.* 158pp. SCM Press. 25s. (Paperback by Heinemann Educational, 12s. 6d.).

JOAN BROTHERS (Editor): *Readings in the Sociology of Religion.* 239pp. Pergamon Press. 35s. (Paperback, 15s.).

It is true, as David Martin says in his preface, that his book "tries to cover a wide range of issues in a small space". Partly he is continuing to illt at the concept of secularization, though it is less and less clear what he is tilting at and whether in fact the statistics and other evidence he brings forward do not effectively disprove his own case. Bryan Wilson, in another recent short book dealing with the same field, *Religion in a Secular Society*, says explicitly that in his usage "the concept of secularization is not employed in any ideological sense, neither to applaud its occurrence, nor to deplore it". Many religionists, he points out, see it not as a "counter-religious ideology" but as a matter of fact. For Dr. Martin, however, it is a form of general prejudice of which he remains deeply suspicious, although he notes that Bryan Wilson's book is "in many ways complementary" to his own.

Ideology or no ideology, Dr. Wilson's is a more coherent presentation of much the same historical, statistical and institutional data. The chapters which are most crucial to Dr. Martin's argument, Chapter IV "Structures and Patterns" and Chapter V "Explanations", are broadly impressionistic and fail as sociology. Yet as sociology they must be judged, since this is what their author calls them. The performance as a whole is puzzling and may possibly reflect some conflict of viewpoints within the London School of Economics which remains obscure to an outsider.

In his bibliography Dr. Martin lists thirty-eight theses on the sociology of religion in Britain recently completed or in progress. Of these, thirty-one date from 1965 or later. This list seems incomplete and it is striking evidence of a rapid growth of interest in a long neglected field.

Dr. Joan Brothers's book of readings is a serious and carefully prepared compilation, to which she contributes a short but lucid introduction. It consists of only eleven items, including a substantial essay by Talcott Parsons, and it deliberately leaves out the work of Durkheim, Max Weber, Troeltsch and other early writers in the field. Given their omission, the selection is distinctly one-sided. Five of the items are by Catholics and they tend to go over the same ground, which is clearly of special importance to Dr. Brothers, herself a [illegible] sociologist. The volume ends [illegible] essays by Wilf Herberg and [illegible] Lenski which summarize the [illegible] by which they are well known [illegible] *testum. Catholic, Jew* (1961) [illegible] *Religious Factor* (1961) respectively. The latter is available in a paperback edition (Anchor Books, 12s. 6d.) and would seem to offer considerably better value to the student of sociology of religion than Dr. Brothers's reader with its limited coverage.

GETTING TOGETHER

V. T. ISTAVRIDIS: *Orthodoxy and Anglicanism.* Translated by A. J. Davey. 185pp. S.P.C.K. 30s.

Any approach between the Orthodox Churches and the Churches of the west is conditioned by a long series of problems arising from history. For centuries the west was dominated by the centralized authority of Rome which produced a close organization and also a theology characteristically legalistic. Then the west was subject to the Renaissance which largely left the world of Orthodoxy on one side, and to the storm of the Reformation which did not touch the Orthodox Churches. There was little contact in the post-Reformation period between the English Church and Orthodoxy, so that each was to the other to all intents and purposes unknown. That persisted until in the modern period there appeared in the west a widespread discontent with the Reformation divisions and Reunion became a problem of current debate, and Anglicans, finding little prospect of an understanding with Rome, began to look towards Orthodoxy.

This carefully written historical and theological study describes these modern approaches. Inevitably the Orthodox, in spite of [illegible] good will, found Anglicanism a matter of deep perplexity; they struggled to discover [illegible] what was meant by a Church [illegible] was at once Catholic and reformed, a Church in which the old [illegible] survived in formularies and practice but in which there was another [illegible] ment closely akin to the new [illegible] ously Protestant Church [illegible] found too a tolerant ambiguity [illegible] outlook in which formal [illegible] not accepted, was yet at least [illegible] rejected. There was nothing [illegible] dox history quite like [illegible] understandable that the Orthodox Churches should feel that the [illegible] of theological beliefs should be [illegible] necessary preliminary to a [illegible] about Anglican Ordinations.

Professor Istavridis tries [illegible] thoroughly the modern movement towards understanding and [illegible] ship which have brought [illegible] Orthodox Churches into the [illegible] Council of Churches, and [illegible] the possibility of reunion [illegible] about which each side can [illegible] optimistic.

PRAYER OF THE HEART

The Art of Prayer. Compiled by Igumen Charlton of Valamo. Translated by E. Kadloubovsky and E. M. Palmer. Edited with an introduction by Timothy Ware. 287pp. Faber and Faber. £1 5s.

In 1936 the Russian Orthodox monastery at Valamo (then in Finland) published a modest-looking paperback anthology on the Jesus Prayer compiled by one of its abbots originally for his own use. It met with sufficient response for a companion volume to be issued two years later on the eve of the war which was to uproot the monastery and to prevent the reprinting of either volume in the original Russian. The first of these anthologies is now made available in an excellent English translation by E. Kadloubovsky and E. M. Palmer. Since the majority of the pieces contained in it are the work of Bishop Theophan the Recluse (1815-92), the volume takes its place naturally in the important series edited and issued by Theophan in nineteenth-century Russia, translated into English by the same team, and published over the past fifteen years by Faber and Faber.

It would be misleading, however, to think of this anthology as the product of any one individual or place. The English edition appropriately bears the subtitle "An Orthodox Anthology"; and it is as witnesses to a constant, 1400-year-old tradition of Eastern Orthodox spirituality that Theophan and his fellow-contributors are included in this collection. A sober, helpful (and very necessary) introduction by the English editor, Timothy Ware, describes this tradition and provides a frame of reference for the uninitiated reader.

Not everyone will find it easy at first to reconcile the spirit of this anthology with the stereotyped (and not altogether unjustifiable) conception of an Orthodox Church in which worship is necessarily framed in elaborate ritual and in which monastic life, in particular, involves attendance at interminable and complex services. *The Art of Prayer* shows little interest in liturgical matters. On the contrary, stern warnings are issued: "There are good grounds for regarding as self-deception and illusion the inner state of those monks who [illegible] are satisfied with external prayers alone—with continual attendance at church services and with the unrelenting observance of a cell rule, consisting exclusively in [illegible] verbal and oral prayers".

For verbal and oral prayer is only the preliminary to real prayer, the prayer of the heart; and it is with the demanding quest for, and maintenance of, the latter that the anthology is concerned.

Does this quest involve, as is sometimes thought, a kind of "Christian Yoga", the practice of certain breathing exercises, the adoption of certain bodily postures? The anthology mentions such practices rarely, and almost invariably only to disparage them: their dangers have become only too apparent over the centuries. "I have never in fact met anyone who approved of the artificial techniques", notes Theophan. "Think as little as possible about external ascetic feats", he advises elsewhere. Externals are of secondary importance: "all that is necessary is to raise your mind to God, and to descend deep into yourself, and this can be done everywhere".

He is far from suggesting that the attainment of pure prayer is an [illegible] task, and much space in the [illegible] logy is devoted to a discussion [illegible] difficulties to be expected. [illegible] cular, the reader is repeatedly [illegible] that self-gratification must [illegible] part in the life of prayer.

The anthology is well indexed; there is a brief bibliography; however, it would have added to the fulness of the book if the [illegible] the individual passages had [illegible] stated (as they were in the [illegible] edition). A certain inconsistency sometimes to be detected in the [illegible] literation of Russian [illegible] names. It is not clear why the [illegible] man transcription *starets* should be retained, while *startsi* is used [illegible] plural; nor is there any good [illegible] for ending names variously in [illegible] or -y, where the Russian [illegible] identical (Dimitri, Ignatii, Pitirim) these are very minor blemishes in a work of lasting importance.

BEYOND LANGUAGE

MICHAEL POLANYI: *The Tacit Dimension.* 108pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 16s.

In the rich afterglow of his career as a scientist Dr. Polanyi continues to develop philosophical ideas of great fertility and originality. His starting point in this little book, based on the Terry lectures which he gave at Yale in 1962, is the simple one that we can know more than we can tell—a seemingly innocent proposition, but fraught with big consequences. It is supported by Gestalt psychology, which acknowledges that we can integrate the particulars of a physiognomy without being able to identify those particulars. Arguing in this way he adumbrates the notion of tacit knowledge, and in such knowledge he finds a better answer than Plato's to the problem posed in the *Meno*. Plato said that to search for the solution of a problem is an absurdity, for either you know what you are looking for, and then there is no problem, or you do not know what you are looking for, and then you cannot expect to find anything. His solution was that all discovery is a remembering of past lives.

The most important conclusion drawn by Dr. Polanyi from this theory is that the operation of [illegible] higher level cannot be accounted [illegible] by the laws governing its parts [illegible] forming the lower level. This [illegible] about because in tacit knowing [illegible] is a correspondence between [illegible] structure of comprehension and [illegible] structure of the comprehended [illegible] which is its object; and this [illegible] principles controlling a comprehensive entity would be found [illegible] for their operations on lower [illegible] ing the particulars of the [illegible] the same time the laws governing [illegible] particulars would never account [illegible] the organizing principles of the [illegible] entity which they form. A [illegible] tary cannot be derived from [illegible] tics, nor grammar of a language [illegible] its vocabulary; and, more [illegible] pursuing the argument, Dr. Polanyi declares that the predominance [illegible] of biologists, that a mechanistic explanation of living functions is [illegible] chemistry, must be false. A [illegible] very stimulating, and in some [illegible] with the views that since 1958 Polanyi has been developing in his books as *Science, Faith and Society* and *Personal Knowledge*.

HIS OWN EXECUTIONER

[illegible]MA KRAMARZ: *Stauffenberg.* The Life and Death of an Officer, 15th November, 1907-20th July, 1944. Translated from the German by R. H. Barry. Introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper. 255pp. André Deutsch. 30s.

[illegible] is not easy to define the essence [illegible] the character of Claus Schenk [illegible] von Stauffenberg for the Eng[illegible] operating world, for there was [illegible] nothing overwhelmingly German [illegible] about. Herr Kramarz does not [illegible] his readers by speaking of the [illegible] great influence of Stefan George [illegible] on Stauffenberg and his brothers. [illegible] outside Germany scarcely anyone [illegible] knows what George stood for; [illegible] references to a poem called "Anti[illegible]" are not enlightening. The [illegible] is that for those who have [illegible] read into George's work it is difficult [illegible] to accept the verdict of Stauffenberg's mother that there was no harm [illegible] in George's influence. Like many a [illegible] member of National Socialism who [illegible] came to be disgusted by Hitler, Stefan [illegible] George's *Weltanschauung* contained [illegible] a mystical arrogance which may be [illegible] considered to have led to the wrong[illegible] decisions of Stauffenberg's political [illegible] career, although it is true that he was [illegible] young and inexperienced.

[illegible] The unlearning nationalism of the [illegible] years points of May, 1944, is extra[illegible] ordinary in a man of Stauffenberg's [illegible] cultural stature and intellectual flexibility. How could he possibly have [illegible] imagined that anyone on the Allies' [illegible] side at that stage could have taken [illegible] seriously a German demand to keep [illegible] Austria and the Sudeten German [illegible] territories of Czechoslovakia? How [illegible] could Stauffenberg and his brother [illegible] have incorporated into their final [illegible] view a reference to "the lie that all [illegible] men are equal" and "the fact that [illegible] differences of status are a natural [illegible] phenomenon"? Such attitudes [illegible] could scarcely cement the alliance [illegible] Stauffenberg seemed so passionately [illegible] to desire, through Julius Leber, with [illegible] the Social Democrats. Stauffenberg's [illegible] papers were confiscated by the Gestapo [illegible] and Herr Kramarz has had to [illegible] put together the testimony of still [illegible] available witnesses, but it is difficult [illegible] to see how Stauffenberg's views could [illegible] be made to seem more enlightened. [illegible] His quarrel with Goerdeler must [illegible] have been a matter of temperament [illegible] rather than one of political disagreement.

[illegible] This is one side of the picture. The other is a portrait of a courage and determination for which the word heroic seems a wretched under-statement. What energy and care went into the preparation of the attempt of July 20, 1944, what ingenuity in the use of the Valkyrie plan which Hitler had approved! What an unbroken spirit was maintained in the face of the most shattering frustrations! The man's endurance was unthinkably magnificent and might seem to justify the claim to membership of an aristocracy in the most literal meaning of that word. The dimensions of his life in the war years were superhuman. That Stauffenberg should have accepted the danger of going down to history as a traitor to Germany is in itself stupendous, something which those with a different background can easily underrate. The risk was immense once he had decided that he himself must not only organize the assassination of Hitler with all its potential consequences, but must also carry it out.

The real achievement of Stauffenberg and his circle was the counteraction of the Nazis' crimes. All that German officers of this kind were able to do will never be known. Herr Kramarz can, however, provide convincing evidence that Stauffenberg and Moltke were able to circumvent Hitler's orders that Allied airmen if captured were to be shot. By reporting the shooting of prisoners who had in fact died in captivity, Stauffenberg and Moltke succeeded in leaving others in relative hiding in prisoner of war camps. This "dead souls" device probably saved a considerable number from the slaughter ordained by Hitler. It was a real achievement, too, heaven knows, to show the world that no kind of loyalty could justify any normal collaboration with the sheer wickedness of the Nazi regime. This was infinitely important to Germany. It sounds like a cheap *banalité*, yet one finds oneself wondering whether Stauffenberg was not fortunate in his death, since one cannot see where his place could have been after the war was over.

THE DEATH OF MATTEOTTI

Il delitto Matteotti tra il Viminale e l'Aventino. Edited by Giuseppe Rossini. 1,039pp. Bologna: Il Mulino. L.6,000.

ALBERTO GIOVANNINI: *Il rifiuto dell'Aventino.* 630pp. Bologna: Il Mulino. L.5,000.

Six months after the murder of Matteotti, Giuseppe Donati, editor of *Il Popolo*, the organ of the Popolari, brought a case before the High Court of the Italian Senate against the Director-General of Public Security, Mussolini's lieutenant, Emilio De Bono, one of the fictitious heroes of the fictitious March on Rome. In *Il Delitto Matteotti* the records of the case which followed have been published by Professor Giuseppe Rossini of Camerino University. This is useful, authentic material with which, according to Professor Rossini, Professor Renzo De Felice has concerned himself. This presumably means that the average reader can rely upon Professor De Felice's work to have taken these documents adequately into account. De Bono was not, of course, punished and it was Donati who had to follow Don Sturzo into exile. It was from Sturzo himself that Professor Rossini received the original suggestion to publish this material which was used when, in 1947, the murderers of Matteotti were seriously tried at last and condemned. De Bono had already been executed by Mussolini with Ciano.

Professor Rossini informs his readers that he has rearranged these documents according to the subjects they touch instead of retaining their chronological order; he has published them in full except for the omission of an occasional procedural trifle. He himself has contributed an introduction describing the political background of the trial of De Bono, who was accused of corruption as well as responsibility for the death of Matteotti.

Il Rifiuto dell'Aventino is a self-righteous statement by a former Secretary of the Italian Liberal Party. It contains little of importance or interest, but is mainly concerned to point out that the Liberals refused to join the Aventine opposition which was a foredoomed failure in consequence. One can see why Giolitti disliked anything so untraditional as the Aventine opposition, but had not both Giolitti and the Liberal Party tradition been hopelessly overtaken by history?

FUNDAMENTALLY RIGHT

GÜNTER RICHTER: *Friedrich von Holstein: Ein Mitarbeiter Bismarcks.* Historische Studien Heft 397. 188pp. Lübeck: Matthiesen Verlag. DM. 20.

This is number 397 of the *Historische Studien* published under the aegis of a group of eminent German historians which includes Professors Walter Bussmann, Herbert Helbig and Hans Herzfeld. It is a new study of Holstein brought out last year and based mainly upon his letters to the Bismarcks found in the *Friedrichsruher Archiv*. The extraordinary thing is that the author seems aware only of an article by Norman Rich, not of his big two-volume work published in 1965. It is all the more interesting that Dr. Richter comes to the same conclusion as Professor Rich; in spite of his apparently traditional reverence for Bismarck, he admits that Holstein's crescendo of criticism need not have been malicious but may have been justified. The evidence never proves conclusively that Holstein did the wicked things that his enemies suggested: he behaved correctly but was hypersensitive and therefore quarrelsome. As Dr. Richter says, he was not particularly hungry for power but he did seek for security, through his all-pervading influence and his extensive and detailed information.

Holstein did not spy upon Arnim in Paris; he thought Arnim's policy wrong and told him so. His first hitch with the Bismarcks had come before this; it had been in 1869 when it seems that Robert von Keudell told the Bismarcks that Holstein thought that they were trying to marry their daughter Marie to him. The breach was a brief one because it was easily healed in the following summer with the war against France. Dr. Richter has found evidence that Holstein was far more active than has been known hitherto in Bismarck's reversal of internal policy between 1878 and 1881 when he abandoned the *Kulturkampf* and the Liberals. Holstein emerges, Dr. Richter thinks, as fundamentally conservative, however much he said at intervals about parliamentary government being the system of the future. He was conservative in the sense that he disapproved of plans for a more authoritarian regime.

In addition to the *Friedrichsruher Archiv* Dr. Richter has used the *Nachlass* of Wilhelm von Bode, the expert on painting in the Berlin museums; among some 30,000 letters there are sixteen from Holstein. It is characteristic that Holstein turns out to have been an eager supporter of Bode, the real creator of the magnificent collections of Berlin. When the Emperor Frederick was known to be dying there was great anxiety about the attitude of his heir who was notorious for larking about with officers at Potsdam rather than for any interest in the arts. Holstein and, more unexpectedly, the Bismarcks took steps to ensure the future support of Bode. The new Kaiser was made to feel that prestige attached to such support and he reacted accordingly.

The subtitle to this book is *Ein Mitarbeiter Bismarcks* and it comes to an end with the fall of Bismarck from power early in 1890. It will be interesting to see whether Professor Rich's interpretation is verified by those who trace Holstein's story in the later years from 1890 until his retirement and death.

TELE-RELICS

The Progress of Television. Edited by A. William Bluem and Roger Manvell. An Anglo-American Survey. 328pp. Focal Press. £2 2s.

Not much is sure, and little is valuable about this Anglo-American survey which the publishers call "a significant book for anyone . . . who is concerned about [television's] present and future". Even the title is in doubt since the inside carries a different version from the cover. The book is claimed to offer an anthology of "the best that has been said and written about television" from the two journals in the United States and Great Britain which have been the "principal platform" for professionals in the field. This will scarcely do because the sole British source is the *Journal* of the Society of Film and Television Arts, and *Contrast* was at least as important an outlet here for serious thinking about television. More ludicrously, most of the material here (thirty-one of thirty-seven pieces) dates from the early 1960s, and no event more recent than the United States presidential campaign of 1964 is countenanced anywhere in the book. In a medium so voracious, dynamic and self-expendable that yesterday's whizzeroos are this morning's bar bores (or programme controllers) this is rather like a history of automobile design stopping short at Nuffield's £100 family car, or an account of the modern novel in terms of Charles Morgan and Rex Warner.

Very few contributors have attempted any up-dating of their pieces (although we are assured they were invited to) and what afterthought there is tends to be of a despairing kind: e.g. "The critical comments in this article are, I feel, even more relevant now than they were in 1962, and the hopes expressed are farther from being realized than ever". So the book offers mostly wry archaeological pleasure like two American producers seeing possible salvation for serious drama in the "live" (i.e. taped) series, and Sydney Newman, who has since come to sit on top of the best TV play department in the world, looking with very "jaundiced eye" on single play series: "You'd think the makers of such dramas set out to illuminate the pedestrian and merely prove that it is. The loss in prestige of such programmes can be tragic for the whole development of drama." Thanks for the memory, and, indeed, for the laugh.

Despite its date, though, Mr. Newman's essay remains almost the only one in the hefty drama section which takes account of the fact that somewhere out there is a viewer with maybe just an ounce or so of sense. For the rest it is mostly professionals taking in each others' washing beneath the rubric of "art", "technique" and the frustrations of creativity in a hard world. The notion doesn't occur that a rudimentary social theory might be more help than a sense of loss at the death of Ibsen. When these symposia fail to irritate, they bore; the positions taken up, the information dispensed (and this seems almost generic to books about broadcasting) are too familiar to the professionals, too "shop" for the general reader. Almost the only people to chide the general drabness and mystifications are Robin Day and Robert Mackenzie who each talk about political and current affairs television in fairly prescient terms. It is fascinating that two men whose careers have involved a necessary collusion with the more outrageous strait-jackets of our parliamentary system should be advocating freedoms and flexibilities which must imply not just different power structures in television but also important shifts in basic concepts of social democracy.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Biography and Memoirs

CALLAS, EVANGELIA. *My Daughter, Maria Callas.* 175pp. Leslie Frewin. 25s.

More than a year ago a biography of Maria Callas appeared, which was a revision of a sketchier book of 1963. Now comes another biography but of greater authenticity and intimacy, for the story as told by her mother Evangelia Lawrence G. Blochman. One of the purposes is to demolish the legends that have accumulated round the personality and career of the great opera singer, though it is candid enough about the vagaries of her temperament and regretful that relations between mother and daughter were broken. The mother can throw no light on the cause of the tantrums, which, as someone said, would soon have driven her out of opera altogether, to appear, but wonders if they should not be traced back to a bad concussion at the age of five, just as others have speculated whether the drastic slimming she underwent has not something to do with the insecurity of her vocal apparatus. In a postscript Mr. Blochman relates that though Maria has not even now met her mother in the flesh she has begun to move towards her more humanely and generously with money. The publicity about this erratic singer is inevitable, but soon becomes boring. What is much more interesting in this book is the account of what it is like to be living in Athens during the wars and occupation of Greece. Altogether it is a very human and still a mystery.

CHURCHILL, RICHARD BELL. *Sailor in the Air.* 245pp. Peter Davies. £2 2s.

Among naval men, the late Richard Bell Davies was a fine hand at spinning a yarn and many of his contemporaries, including all sorts of people, from Royalty to Sir Winston Churchill, Merchant Navy and Admiralty messmates, appear in this volume of reminiscences. The yarn he reduces to writing is the one about the Commander, R.N.V.R. who by landing behind the enemy's territory at Gallipoli to pick up a stranded comrade, just as the latter's Henri Farman was about to blow up. But Bell Davies was in at the beginning of aircraft carriers and is illuminating about the early projects and the ways difficulties were gradually overcome, ideas were tested and improvisations turned into sound developments. He was also at the Admiralty during the bitterest battles with the Air Ministry on the subject of the Fleet Air Arm and he mixes a meed of charity with his clearly defined accusations. Retired soon after the Second World War came, he returned with the rank of commander and collected a fresh set of experiences, ashore at flying stations and afloat in convoy carriers and escorts. All the flying men, of whichever service, who thought so highly of Bell Davies will find his keen, shrewd, genial and efficient character reproduced in these recollections.

Communications

ROLT, L. T. C. *Transport and Communications.* The World we are Making Series. Drawings by Paul Sharp. 136pp. Methuen. 21s.

A highly attractive short history in which Mr. Rolt handles his material skilfully so that the reader is made aware how each invention, steam power; electric telegraphy; i.c. engines; aircraft; wireless; radar; television and the rest, shaped the lives of peoples all over the world. Both engineer and man of letters, he is masterly at making sense of science.

Ecology

DENMAN, D. R., ROBERTS, R. A. and SMITH, H. J. F. *Commons and Village Greens.* 512pp. Leonard Hill. £5 5s.

Commons and village greens no longer play much part in the economy of the countryside but they are an essential part of its landscape and amenity. The dividing line between attraction and scrubby wilderness can often be a fine one, and only careful management prevents it being crossed. Dr. Denman and his Cambridge colleagues have spent six years in looking at typical commons and greens, under the auspices of the Nuffield Foundation, and their survey has obvious relevance to a problem which calls for diverse solutions and often has legal complications. Its extent can be judged from the fact that half of them were found to be neglected to some degree at present.

History

The Alexiad of the Princess Anna Comnena. Translated by Elizabeth A. S. Dawes. 439pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 10s.

Miss Dawes completed her translation of the Alexiad forty years ago and for long it has been almost unobtainable. The Alexiad is a life of the Byzantine emperor Alexios I Comnenos (1081-1118) composed by his erudite daughter Anna Comnena, who conveyed perfectly her own personality, prejudices and presuppositions. Miss Dawes's admirably literal translation from the Teubner text was for long the best English introduction to the complexities of Byzantine civilization. All who are concerned with medieval studies should be grateful to the publishers who have now reissued it.

The Cartulary of Dale Abbey. Edited by Avrom Saltman. 423pp. H.M.S.O. £5 5s.

Dale Abbey, situated in the neighbourhood of Derby, was founded about 1200 as a house of Premonstratensian canons. Its cartulary, here edited with meticulous care by Professor Saltman, and published jointly by H.M. Stationery Office and the Derbyshire Archaeological Society, is of considerable, if restricted, interest. Though it contains few documents which can be regarded as of national importance, it illustrates many of the features of peasant life in the northern Danelaw during the thirteenth century. Professor Saltman's edition will, therefore, be of great assistance to students of English agrarian history in the Middle Ages, and its value is enhanced by the inclusion of a long series of supplementary documents derived from a wide variety of sources. The transcription of all these texts inspires confidence, and the index is admirably full.

MARKHAM, FELIX. *Oxford.* 192pp. Introduction by C. M. Bowra. Photographs by Penny Tweedie. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 10s.

While this latest book about Oxford first attracts the eye by its fine photographs, it is made more useful by the way in which these have been arranged. For these are no random collection but are grouped century by century, thus showing at a glance characteristic contributions that each period has made to Oxford's artistic and architectural riches. So the pictures, some of them in colour, aptly illustrate Mr. Markham's text, which traces university history from its twelfth-century beginnings down to the present. The camera has sought out items of college plate associated with the medieval founders, and details from carvings, manuscripts and monuments each of which tells something of its own age. Sir Maurice Bowra in an introduction

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which have made Oxford an enduring influence.

Librarianship

ASHWORTH, WILFRED (Editor). *Handbook of Special Librarianship and Information Work*. 624pp. Aslib, 3 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1. £4 18s. (£4 to members of Aslib)

The third, revised and enlarged edition of a publication first issued by the Association of Special Libraries and Information Bureaux in 1955. The *Handbook*, now recognized as a standard work on the setting up and administration of special libraries, is also very well printed and produced.

Linguistics

SHARP, VIVILINNE. *The Teach Yourself Modern Greek Phrase Book*. 119pp. The English Universities Press. 7s. 6d.

Miss Sharp's useful volume is a companion to *Teach Yourself Modern Greek* by Dr. Sofroniou, who has also written a phonetic introduction for those who tackle this book with no knowledge of Greek. The phrases are grouped in the traditional manner to cater for all the possible activities, hazards and problems of a traveller in modern times. They are almost all sensibly chosen and up-to-date: while Hesiod at any rate would have approved the inclusion of a cautious inquiry: "Is this yacht seaworthy ?".

Literature

The Librarian Subject Guide to Books. Volume III: *Language and Literature*. Edited by E. W. Padwick. 447pp. James Clarke. £3 10s.

The third volume of this weighty enterprise in select bibliography for the general reader differs in an important respect from its predecessors in the series, which between them covered history, travel and description, and biography and family history. *Language and Literature*—roughly the 400 and 800 classes of Dewey—is a much bigger affair (more than 11,000 entries) than either of these, since the principle of giving a wider selection of books under each subject heading, instead of citing one or two only, has been adopted here. The editor's introduction indicates clearly the deliberate omissions in the bibliography and explains, also, that the delay in publication has been due to retirements from the editorial staff.

Tdin Bó Cúalnge from the Book of Leinster. Edited by Cecile O'Rahilly. 356pp. Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies. £2 10s.

This new text of the Cattle-raid of Book of Leinster is a most important contribution to the interpretation of the greatest of the Old Irish heroic tales. Dr. O'Rahilly is fully equipped to edit it, having published the later Stowe version a few years ago. Her long introduction takes cognisance of all the work done on the various manuscripts since Windisch printed this recension with his elaborate apparatus of scholarship more than sixty years ago. Thurneysen's theories are closely criticized, but the linguistic and palaeographic studies of Best, Bergin and O'Sullivan among others have afforded her better materials than Windisch possessed. She has also provided "as literal a rendering as possible" into English, leaving her free to concentrate on linguistic points in her notes.

Psychology

WISEMAN, STEPHEN (Editor). *Intelligence and Ability*. 368pp. Penguin. 8s. 6d.

This is a new volume of Readings, edited by the Professor of Education in the University of Manchester. Understandably, his interest is mainly limited to intelligence in man, especially its measurement by psychometric methods. Mental deficiency is scarcely represented; nor is the comparative study of intelligence in animals. Genetical aspects too, are kept somewhat in the background. The absence of anything by Binet, Piaget or Thorndike might cause some eyebrows to be raised, as might also—if for different reasons—the inclusion of two excerpts from the work of recent Oxford philosophers. Within its limits, however, this selection shows judgment and scholarship, and should be of considerable value to students of psychology and education.

Science

GREGORY, J. N. *The World of Radioisotopes*. 204pp. Angus and Robertson. in association with the Australian Atomic Energy Commission. £2 10s.

Many books about the uses of radioisotopes have been written for scientists and technologists, but few for the intelligent general reader. Dr. Gregory, chief of the isotope division of the Australian Atomic Energy Commission, has both lectured widely on the subject and made a book from this experience. The fact that Australia was behind the United States and Britain has paradoxically been a help since he writes for readers fresh to the subject but is himself up to date. Apart from directly practical applications, radioisotopes have added so much to understanding of plant and animal physiology and biochemistry that this alone could justify much of the total expenditure up to date on atomic energy. Interest has suffered, as he admits, from alarm at radioactive contamination and for anyone who wants to catch up he offers a soundly written start with most emphasis on the practical.

Ships and Shipping

MUDIE, IAN. *Wreck of the Admella*. 184pp. Angus and Robertson. 25s.

The coastal steamer Admella was wrecked in 1859 on a reef off South Australia. For a week, until they were rescued, a handful of survivors clung to the wreckage. Mr. Mudie sifts the records to find out what really happened. He has no need to add to the drama. The facts speak for themselves.

Sport and Pastimes

GARRETT, ALASDAIR (Editor). *Roving Commissions*. 283pp. RCC Press. 35s.

The collection of accounts, published each year, of voyages made by members of the Royal Cruising Club. Invariably offers much entertaining reading. Inevitably some contributors are more gifted and vivid storytellers than others, but it would help if the editor discouraged entries written in log-form. These are no doubt very seamanlike but they can be tedious to read.

PRITCHARD, D. BRINE. *The Right Way to Play Chess*. Introductions and annotations by Imré Konig. 237pp. Kingswood, Surrey: Elliot Right Way Books. 3s. 6d.

A paperback edition of a book first published in 1950. this is a sensible, workmanlike introduction to the game of chess. It should prove especially useful to the young beginner and, in contradistinction to most chess primers, is also helpful on the middle-game.

VENABLES, BERNARD. *Freshwater Fishing*. 228pp. Herbert Jenkins. £2 2s.

This is Mr. Venables's twelfth book on angling, and he has tried to avoid the separation of coarse and game fishing by concentrating on the pattern of life of fish in general as a basis for the various arts and methods of angling. This does not mean that he neglects any of the usual practical side of fishing such as tackle, knots, baits, where the fish lie, and descriptions of the fish themselves. It is interesting to note his warning of bad technique in fishing through the misuse of the slipping clutch in a fixed spool reel, and he truly writes that: "Choice of line for the fixed spool reel should ignore the slipping clutch: the breaking strain of lines should be judged by the same standards as they are for any other reel."

Theatre

CHESHIRE, DAVID. *Theatre: History Criticism and Reference*. 134pp. The Readers Guide Series. Clive Bingley. 25s.

Following the pattern established for this series, the subject is divided by chapters (in this case general reference; histories; criticism; biography; theory; periodicals) and within each chapter the material is presented as it were in a continuous narrative, with the titles picked out in bold type. This makes easy and indeed interesting reading for dedicated theatre goers and students of the theatre, especially since Mr. Cheshire expresses his own point of view in his evaluations and summaries of individual publications. He is an able and knowledgeable guide to all aspects of the serious theatre and its history, particularly in England.

Travel and Topography

CHASE, ILKA. *Fresh from the Laundry*. Photographs by Norton Brown. 230pp. W. H. Allen. 30s.

A culture-loving American and her doctor husband do some of the communist countries of Europe and then go on to Greece. It is a brisk tour in which most things are measured by the transatlantic yardstick. All sorts of impressions are brightly recorded. The doctor makes interjections and takes the snapshots. He is apt to appear in his wife's text as "my quack".

JAMES, BETTY. *A Kingdom by the Sea*. 157pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

This introduction to the north-east—Northumberland and Durham and the North Riding—is written with the zest of discovery. The author sets out to correct her fellow southerners' misconceptions about a region which she found "so beautiful, so kindly, so gentle that it seemed to contain within itself all that is now left of England". Impressions of the towns and countrysides are combined with practical guidance about transport, accommodation, cultural life and other amenities, addressed as much to apprehensive immigrants from the south as to the intending tourist.

OWEN, DAVID E. *Water Highways*. 140pp. Phoenix House. 35s.

First and foremost, Dr. Owen and his family are enthusiasts for Britain's canal system. In this account of their various journeys in their own boat *Rose of Sharon* this enthusiasm stands out. As a background to what is in effect a log of various holiday voyages, Dr. Owen has a good deal of historical information about the canals. The result is a most pleasing and readable volume.

RYALLS, ALAN. *Your Guide to Surrey*. 239pp. Alvin Redman. 18s.

Mr. Ryalls is a well-known writer on camping, who has become an enthusiast for Hungary; he describes Budapest "the most fascinating city in Europe". His book is produced by the President of the Hungarian National Tourist Office and published with the Corvina Press, Budapest, but his liking for the country is obviously spontaneous. He has written a most useful guide for those who want to know something of the land, its ordinary life, its food and wines and its literature and festivals. He devotes attention to architecture and collections, and his illustrations include stereotyped tourist office handouts. Indexing and arrangement are adequate, though the intending visitor will have to supply his own maps. The four sketch maps provided are more decorative than functional.

Wine and Food

ADAM, HANS KARL. *The Wine and Food Society's Guide to Good Cookery*. Translated by Ruth Tompkinson. Photographs by Herbert Ammann. Wood engravings by Helmuth Weissenborn. The Wine and Food Society. 42s.

Michael Joseph. 42s.

German cookery is often a little larger than life, both in its richness and quantity, and sometimes in the qualities have washed off on to the coloured produced book, with its "sunagreeable to handle, enjoyable over and entertaining to read, it seems somewhat over-packed as a reference volume for the kitchen rather than a working cookbook for the rough usage of the kitchen. Moreover, as basically a book of German cookery region by region, it inevitably includes recipes containing ingredients little likely in the near future to be available in Britain, among them wild boar, chamois, carp and smoked pig's head. Even the regional series are added to and modified by the author, and the selection devised by the author, who is both hotel proprietor and cookery writer, are described on the blurb as "revolutionary"; they are certainly sumptuous, rich and elaborate. It is fair to say that Herr Adam writes eagerly about German cookery, national and regional. No doubt the package is good, but not he are responsible for the translation, which is often clumsy and sometimes downright misleading. Even the index, which could have been a useful guide to the contents, is inadequate.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES 5s. a line (minimum 10s.). box numbers 2s. Semi-display £3 5s. an inch. Display £4 an inch.

ORDERS and Box Replies to: Classified Advertisement Department, The Times Literary Supplement, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4. 01-236 2000, extn. 318. Telex 262622/3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT
LIBRARIANS

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN at the Non-Residential College for over 500 students. Salary Scale A.P. III £1,220 to £1,435 per annum.

Further details may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom letters of application, giving the names and addresses of two referees, should be submitted as soon as possible. The Principal, Chorley College of Education, Union Street, Chorley.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND ISLE OF ELY
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS for the new POST of AREA LIBRARIAN, South (Cambridge Area). The person appointed will be responsible for the supervision of the Headquarters Lending Library and the branch libraries (at present four) and for developing new branch library services in the larger villages. Ability to drive is essential and general public library experience will be an advantage.

Salary Scale A. P. II (£1,435 to £1,665).

Further particulars may be obtained from the County Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom applications, giving full particulars of education, qualifications, experience, present post and salary, and the names and addresses of two people to whom reference may be made, should be sent by 31st August, 1967.

APPLICATIONS are invited for
LIBRARY ASSISTANT
ref. LIB/LA//1/H
Five passes at G.C.E. "O" level, including English Language, desirable, but satisfactory work with three or more passes may be considered. Previous experience not essential. Salary according to age, on scale £455 at age 15 rising by "O" level passes rising to £900 per annum, for a five-day week of 36½ hours.
Application forms and further particulars from The Bursar, University of Bradford, Bradford 7.

COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the undernoted POSTS:—
(1) SCHOOL LIBRARIAN, Kilsyth Academy, Balmalloch, Kilsyth.
(2) SCHOOL LIBRARIAN, St. Modan's High School, St. Ninians, Stirling.
(3) Qualified LIBRARY ASSISTANT for Accessions Department, County Library Headquarters, Stirling.
Applications from part-time assistants will be considered.
Salary scale: Chartered Librarians, £1,035 to £1,425; part-qualified Librarians, £780 to £1,035.
N.J.C. Conditions of Service. The successful applicants will be required to pass a medical examination for admission to the Superannuation Scheme.
Applications, with the names of two referees, should be forwarded to the County Librarian, County Library Headquarters, Education Offices, Spittal Street, Stirling, Scotland, within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.
JAMES D. KENNEDY County Clerk.
County Offices, Viewforth, Stirling.
31st July, 1967.

CROYDON TECHNICAL COLLEGE AND COLLEGE OF ART
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Candidates should be either Chartered Librarians or have completed substantial part of the Library Association examinations.
Duties: mainly cataloguing, classification and readers' advisory work.
Salary scale £820 to £1,220 per annum plus "London Weighting", commencing according to qualifications and experience; minimum of £1,060 per annum plus London Weighting for a Chartered Librarian.
Further information and application forms obtainable from the Bursar, Croydon Technical College, College Road, Croydon, CR9 1DX; to be returned by 30th August.

BP
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
BP has a vacancy for a female Assistant Librarian in the Technical Information and Library Service at its Head Office in London. Applicants aged 21 to 35 years should have reached G.C.E. "O" level in English Language and have had previous library experience. Duties will include book cataloguing and classification, the purchasing of literature, and dealing with routine library enquiries.
The Company offers three weeks' annual holiday, a non-contributory pension scheme, a sports club and sports and social facilities.
Please write giving details to Miss B. M. Morris, Recruitment and Placement Branch, The British Petroleum Company Limited, Britannic House, Moor Lane, London, E.C.2, quoting reference HP/160/7/TS.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the following newly authorised POSTS in the County Library Service:
A.P. IV/V: £1,435 to £1,865 per annum.
County Reference Library. DEPUTY COUNTY REFERENCE LIBRARIAN.
School Library Service. DEPUTY SCHOOL LIBRARY ADVISER.
A.P. III: £1,220 to £1,435 per annum
Wendover. BRANCH LIBRARIAN.
Slough Central. SENIOR ASSISTANT (Reference Library).
N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful candidate subject to medical examination.
In approved cases the County Council makes a grant towards removal expenses up to a maximum of £100.
Further details may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Applications (no forms) to the County Librarian, County Offices, Walton Street, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 24th August, 1967.

DORSET COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of SENIOR CATALOGUER in the Stock Section of the County Library. Salary Scale £1,360 to £1,435 per annum.
Candidates should have had experience in cataloguing, classification and managing a cataloguing section. Knowledge of computer application to library catalogues an advantage.
Application forms from the Clerk, County Hall, Dorchester, to be returned by August 31st.

LIBRARIANS
LONDON BOROUGH OF ENFIELD
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
TRENT PARK COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
Cockfosters, Barnet, Herts
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in this rapidly expanding College Library. Salary Scale A.P. II, £1,045 to £1,295 per annum including London Weighting.
Further details and application forms from: The Principal, to be returned to the College by 25th August, 1967.
Education Department, Church Street, Edmonton, N.9.
B. B. DENNY, Chief Education Officer.

BOROUGH OF ELLESMERE PORT
APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for this POST from persons with suitable qualifications and experience in Public Librarianship.
Salary Scale: A.P. I £920 to £1,020. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Provision of housing accommodation will be considered in appropriate cases.
Applications together with the names of two referees, should reach the Borough Librarian, Central Library, Civic Way, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, by 24th August, 1967. Canvassing disqualifies.
R. J. BERNIE, Town Clerk.

HALIFAX COUNTY BOROUGH COUNCIL
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of BRANCH LIBRARIAN from persons of appropriate qualifications and experience. Salary scale within Librarians' Scale—up to £1,435 per annum. Provision of housing accommodation for successful applicant will be considered, if required.
Applications, giving appropriate details and the names of two referees, to be delivered to the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Lister Lane, Halifax, by 25th August.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF HARTLEPOOL
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of GROUP LIBRARIAN with responsibility for a unit consisting of two branch libraries. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians although applications from students awaiting examination results will be considered. The salary will be within the Special Grade for Librarians (£1,060 to £1,435) and assistance with housing, removal and temporary lodging expenses will be available in suitable cases.
The library system is progressive and still developing, and this post offers considerable experience in branch, stock and staff control.
Further details are available from the Director, Central Library, Clarence Road, Hartlepool, Co. Durham. Applications stating details of age, education, experience and present appointment, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be received by the Director prior to 31st August, 1967.
ERIC J. WAGGOTT, Town Clerk.

LIBRARIANS
KINGSTON UPON HULL EDUCATION COMMITTEE
DAVID LISTER HIGH SCHOOL
Headmaster, A. W. Rowe, B.A., M.Phil., F.R.A.S.
APPOINTMENT OF LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of full-time LIBRARIAN at the above-named comprehensive school for approximately 1,200 boys and girls.
The school is housing in new buildings, opened three years ago, in the east of the city. Over the next three years the central library service will have been built up to 10,000 volumes and it will rise to 20,000 thereafter.
Salary Scale N.J.C. Scale for Librarians (£820-£1,220). Commencing salary according to ability and experience. Application forms from the Chartered Librarians will be 17,000 per annum.
Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Guildhall, Kingston upon Hull. Applications must be received by not later than 31st August, 1967.

KENT COUNTY COUNCIL
KENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE
COUNTY LIBRARY
COUNTY LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS
ASSISTANT CATALOGUER
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST from Chartered Librarians and from those completing library school this summer. Salary within Grade A.P. II (£1,220 to £1,435). Point of entry on scale will depend on qualifications and experience.
Application forms obtainable from the County Librarian, Kent County Library, Springfield, Maidstone, to whom applications should be returned by 21st August.

LONDON BOROUGH OF LAMBETH
CENTRAL CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST in the London Borough of Lambeth. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians with suitable experience. The person appointed will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the Central Children's Library, staff training, and for playing a large part in formulating the book selection policy. The post involves working in close association with the Borough Children's Librarian in further developing the children's library service.
Salary scale: A.P.4 £1,510 to £1,740 including London weighting.
Detailed applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees to be sent not later than 29th August, 1967, to the Town Clerk, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2, quoting reference T.L.S.

LINCOLNSHIRE (LINDSEY AND HOLLAND) COUNTY LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, North Lindsey District, based on Barton-upon-Humber. Salary within A.P. III (£1,220 to £1,435). Assistance with removal expenses and lodging allowance for up to six months in approved cases.
Application form and further particulars from the County Librarian, 45 Newland, Lincoln.
Closing date: 31st August, 1967.

LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY
Clarence Street, Leicester
Telephone 22012. Telex 34307
LIBRARIAN-IN-CHARGE
A.P. I, £1,435 to £1,665
Chartered librarians are invited to apply for the post of librarian-in-charge of the Thurmaston System, Syerby and Queniborough Group of Libraries which offers the opportunity of helping in the development of this expanding County Library Service.
Details and application forms (returnable by 17th August) from O. E. Smith, F.L.A., County Library, Clarence Street, Leicester.

PUBLIC SERVICE OF TASMANIA
AUSTRALIA
DEPUTY STATE LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Deputy State Librarian, in the State Library, Tasmania.
LOCATION: Hobart.
SALARY: $A7,236 per annum.
DUTIES:
Consultation with and advice to the State Librarian and Tasmanian Library Board on matters of policy. Organization, management and control of the External Services of the State Library, comprising library service for adults and children provided to Municipal Councils; bookmobile services; library services to H.M. Gaol, Old Peoples Homes and other institutions.
QUALIFICATIONS:
Applicants must possess full professional qualifications in librarianship including Associateship of L.A.A. or equivalent. Possession of an appropriate university degree would be an advantage.
Passages from the United Kingdom are provided under the Commonwealth Migration — Assisted passage — Scheme, arranged through the Agent General for Tasmania. In addition, further assistance with passages and freight charges etc. is available.
Recreation leave, sick leave, and long service leave are provided.
Superannuation is compulsory for permanent officers.
Enquiries for application forms should be addressed to the Agent General for Tasmania, 458/9 Strand, London, W.C.2.

ARMAGH COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians for a new post which will be next in seniority to that of County Librarian in a system which will develop rapidly with the growth of the New City of Craigavon.
Salary scale will be within the range A.P.II—A.P.III+50 (£1,020-£1,485), according to qualifications and experience. Casual users car allowance.
Further details and application forms (returnable by Monday, 21st August) from the County Librarian, The Mall, Armagh, Co. Armagh, N. Ireland.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
THE ASHFIELD SCHOOL
KIRKBY-IN-ASHFIELD
HEADMASTER: N. FISHER, M.A., M.Ed.
SCHOOL LIBRARIAN
Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians for the post of School Librarian.
The salary will be in accordance with the Librarians' Scale of the National Joint Council's Scales, namely £1,060 to £1,220 per annum with progression beyond that scale to £1,435 per annum, having regard to experience and ability.
Forms of application (S.A.E.) together with further details may be obtained from the Divisional Education Officer, Education Offices, St. John Street, Mansfield, and the Divisional Education Officer, Education Offices, St. John Street, Mansfield, and should be returned to the Headmaster at the School not later than 25th August, 1967.
A. R. DAVIS, Clerk of the County Council.

LIBRARIANS
UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS
BROTHERTON LIBRARY
Applications are invited from candidates with a good Honours degree in English for the post of Assistant Librarian in the Brotherton Library at a salary on the scale £1,105 to £1,340 (rising probably to £1,575, with limited appointments at any point on the scale. Professional diploma and experience would be added qualifications.
Applications (three copies) stating age, qualifications and experience and naming three referees, should reach The Registrar and Secretary, The University, Leeds, 2 not later than 30th August, 1967.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTTINGHAM
SCIENCE LIBRARY
APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN Grade II in the Science library. Duties will include the supervision of Interlibrary loans and responsibility for the reserve Architecture Departmental Library. Salary scale £695 by £35 to £1,035 by £40 to £1,195. Applicants should have Honours General qualifications and professional qualifications would be an advantage.
Applications should be sent as soon as possible, and not later than 21st August, 1967, to the Registrar, University of Nottingham, from whom further particulars are available.

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND
DIRECTOR OF LIBRARY SERVICES
Applications are invited for the above-mentioned APPOINTMENT, duties to commence not earlier than 1 January, 1968.
Salary will be commensurate with qualifications and experience but not less than $15,000 per annum.
Applications should be submitted to: Dean of Arts and Science, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada, by 7 October, 1967. In addition a copy should be sent to the Secretary-General, Association of Commonwealth Universities (Bonas Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, from whom a brochure of information about the University and about Newfoundland may be obtained.

(continued on back page)

PUBLIC AND UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS
RHODES UNIVERSITY
GRAHAMSTOWN SOUTH AFRICA
JUNIOR LECTURER IN ENGLISH LITERATURE
APPLICATIONS are invited for the above-mentioned APPOINTMENT, from 1st January, 1968.
The salary scales are:
JUNIOR LECTURER—R2,550 by R150 to R3,150 per annum (£1,275 by £75 to £1,575 per annum).
LECTURER—R3,150 by R150 to R4,800 per annum (£1,575 by £75 to £2,400 per annum).
A Junior Lecturer is appointed for a maximum period of three years with the possibility of promotion to a permanent post of Lecturer thereafter. The initial salary in other grades will be determined according to qualifications and experience.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
Applications close in South Africa and London on 11 September, 1967.

OTHER VACANT APPOINTMENTS
YW.C.A. Bookshop B.A.O.R. Germany. WOMAN ASSISTANT required with knowledge of book trade to take responsibility for book section. Resident post, good conditions, four weeks holiday per annum. Salary according to experience.—Apply Personnel Department, Y.W.C.A., 2 Weymouth Street, London, W.1.

MANAGEMENT INFORMATION SERVICES
Young but rapidly expanding national firm of management consultants specializing exclusively in the retail motor trade wishes to create its own management information service.
In addition to an internal information service it is proposed to start a monthly trading and reference library service for clients on a commercial basis. The library will be at Totnes in South Devon.
The Company has a generous salary scale starting from £1,250 for a graduate with ample scope for a Divisional Executive and has a profit sharing scheme plus other benefits. More important it offers a challenging job with ample scope for initiative and enterprise. Promotion is solely by merit.
Suitably qualified and experienced applicants who feel able to initiate such a service and run it successfully are invited to write in confidence to R. L. SEWELL at 35 Fore Street, Totnes, Devon.

WANTED
INFORMATION WANTED for an edition of the letters of John Pendarves (1823) New England merchant: material relating to contacts with London merchants in particular Thomas Manwaring, Barnard and Nicholas Ortigoni. Also letters to his father William Pynchon (1590-1662) of Wraysbury, Buckinghamshire.—Address Tomlinson, Director, Connecticut Valley Historical Museum, Springfield, Massachusetts 01103, U.S.A.

EDUCATIONAL
STUDY AT HOME.—Postal Tuition for G.C.E. "O" and "A"; London University degrees (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D.) and Diplomas. Courses in Teaching and Modern Languages and Literature.—Prospectus from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.D., Dept. TMI, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Established 1894.)

TYPING
MSS., Theses, &c., typed, duplicated.—Miss B. M. Hunter, 84 Dixon Drive, Wollaton Park, Nottingham. 293169.
DUPLICATING, Typewriting, Tapes and Dictabelts, Photocopies.—Sybil Rang, 21 Heath Street, London, N.W.3. HAM. 5329/0504.
TYPEWRITING and Duplicating from illegible (or unintelligible) manuscript.—Mrs. Bird, Flat 3, 2 Alexandra Terrace, Exmouth, Devon. Tel. 4347.
TYPEWRITING 3s. 6d. 1,000 words.—J. Ryland, 7 Martins Close, St. Paul's Cray, Orpington.

PERSONAL
INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. — 300 double and single rooms per week, part-board.—12 Parkhill Road, East Croydon, London. Tel. CROydon 2834.
DE LEON Drama School reopens 4th October, King's Lodge, Kew Green, Richmond.

GALLERIES AND EXHIBITIONS
THE ARCADE GALLERY, 28 Bond Street, London, W.1, Monnerjee and Barooner Paintings, European, Asian and African sculpture.
BRITISH MUSEUM—admission free; open weekdays 10-5 and Sundays 2.30-6. Current exhibitions include "Chinese Paintings of the last 300 years", "Chess", and "Europa in Canada".
COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE: "Contemporary Paintings from Malaysia and Singapore". Weekdays 10-5.30. Sundays 2.30-6.
LEFEVRE GALLERY, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Contemporary British and French Paintings on view. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-1.

BOOKS AND PRINTS
HAMPSHIRE CHURCHES, a guide to more than 350 churches and their furnishings. Over 70 lavish illustrations. 21s. post free.—Winton Publications, 32 High Street, Winchester.
LONDON GRAPHIC ART ASSOCIATES, 62 Grosvenor Street, W.1 (2nd Floor). HYD. 2238. Contemporary and Decorative selection 19th and 20th Century original prints.
ANTIQUE MAPS. Competitive prices.—Arthur Davidson, 91 High Street, Arundel.
BOOKS, Albums, MSS. and Old Letters bought anywhere in any quantity.—Greer, 87 Bell St., Marylebone, N.W.1. Phone 01-262 7951.
LEARNED and scientific periodicals in all languages wanted.—H. FOIDES, 329a Finchley Road, London, N.W.11. MAI. 9372.
MEET Books and people at the American Bookstore in Luxembourg.
"M" SECRET LETTER". As mentioned in England merchant: material relating to contacts with London merchants in particular Thomas Manwaring, Barnard and Nicholas Ortigoni. Also letters to his father William Pynchon (1590-1662) of Wraysbury, Buckinghamshire.—Address Tomlinson, Director, Connecticut Valley Historical Museum, Springfield, Massachusetts 01103, U.S.A.
USED BOOKS. Cheap Britannicas. List sent.—Ed. Shoestale, 1142 Argyle Street, Glasgow.
REQUIRED URGENTLY for purchase or loan by film company, copies of *Long Range Desert Group* by W. B. Kennedy and *Return to Fezzan From El Alamein to Tunis* by Eric Alexander.—Victoria Lowndes Productions, BYD. 9283.
SPECIAL OFFER.—A few copies Horsnaye's Swiss Boy Landing in first-class account—F.M. Lord Montgomery's story signed by the author. Three guineas. Carriage and packing, 2s. 6d.—Write Box H.1852, The Times, E.C.4.

LITERARY
ENJOY WRITING ?—Then write for profit. Send for *Writer's Handbook* (free) detailing countless opportunities for the beginner or experienced author.—Peter Jay (TLS), Clun, Craven Arms, Shropshire.
POEMS published: Brvaktire Magazine.—Ken Gerrint, L/Dendborn, Lindfield, Sussex.

FOR SALE AND WANTED
AUTOGRAPHS.—Top cash prices paid for letters and documents of famous people.—Send FREE brochure on "How to sell your Autographs".—Charles F. Hamilton, 25 East 21st Street, New York 10010.
COLLECTOR BUYS old coins. Send for offer —16 Launceston, 12 Wembley Road, London, N.W.3.

THEATRES
MERMAID, CIT. 7656 (Restaurant 28355) 6 and 8.45. Last 2 weeks. TW. 7.45 (mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.45). Corrt THE FIGHT FOR BARBARA by D. H. Lawrence. Dir. by Robin Midgley.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES BOARD OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR
INVITES APPLICATIONS FOR THE FOLLOWING POSITIONS:
DIRECTOR OF PROVINCIAL LIBRARY SERVICES who will be required to assume responsibility for the administration of all public library services in the province and the re-organization and expansion of the present service. This position offers an inviting challenge to the person whose capabilities meet the requirements.
Qualifications: B.A., B.L.S., or F.L.A. and several years of administrative experience in public library work. Salary dependant upon qualifications, but not less than $12,000.
CHIEF LIBRARIAN FOR ST. JOHN'S PUBLIC LIBRARIES Responsibilities include stimulating an interest in the community in the library service and activities; developing and expanding the service and supervising Branch Libraries.
Qualifications: B.A., B.L.S. or Chartered Librarian and experience in administration. Minimum salary: $8,500.
REGIONAL LIBRARIAN Responsibilities include supervising and developing service in existing and future Regional Libraries in Newfoundland and Labrador and book selection for those libraries. Considerable travelling involved.
Qualifications: B.A., B.L.S. or Chartered Librarian and administrative experience in a Regional or County Library system. Minimum salary: $8,000.
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN to assume responsibility for juvenile department of St. John's Public Libraries involving the development of a programme of childrens activities and to work with schools.
Qualifications: B.A., B.L.S. or Chartered Librarian and some experience in children's work. Minimum salary $6,500.
CATALOGUER FOR TECHNICAL SERVICES DIVISION in which books for all libraries in the provincial system are catalogued and processed.
Qualifications: B.A., B.L.S. or Chartered Librarian. Minimum salary: $6,200.
All above personnel will work in the magnificent new seven million dollar Centennial Arts & Culture Centre under pleasant working conditions. One month's annual leave, 5-day week, Canadian Library Association Pension, cumulative sick leave. For further information and application forms for above positions apply to: Mr. W. C. Hudson, Chairman of the Public Libraries Board, Arts & Culture Centre, Allandale Road, St. John's, Newfoundland.

LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO
Applications are invited from professionally qualified graduates or Fellows of the Library Association for the post of Assistant Librarian. The person appointed will be mainly responsible for the general administration of the Library, including staff matters, for assisting the Librarian in determining policy and for deputizing for him in his absence. Salary in the range $9,300 - 11,300 or $11,800-13,800 according to qualifications. Other benefits, pension scheme, etc., are excellent. Applications should be addressed, as soon as possible, to the Chief Librarian, Lakehead University, from whom further details may be obtained.